

ST. NICHOLAS.

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BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON.

ONE glorious midday of August, Henry Claiborne, a recent graduate of an American university, found himself sitting down to rest and to eat his luncheon in the shade of a tree overhanging a shepherd's hut on the Seisseralp in Tyrol.

Since landing at Antwerp in July, he had moved leisurely southward by rail, boat, or bicycle as far as Atzwang in the Austrian Tyrol. He was here tempted by the idea of a pedestrian tour through the Dolomites—those mighty limestone hills that rear themselves like semi-precious gems of many colors between the southeastern Tyrol and northern Italy.

Claiborne had, in addition, a dreamy idea of seeing Venice, and possibly Florence; but, as he often declared to himself, the chief point of an expedition like this was to have no plans for further than twenty-four hours ahead.

The second day of his solitary expedition with "scrip and staff" brought him, as has been

said, to the enjoyment of a rural meal of rich yellow cream served in a wooden bowl, brown bread, and mountain cheese, furnished by the shepherd's wife, the proprietor of one of many tiny brown chalets scattered over the vast emerald pasture of the Alp.

All about him waved grass and flowers; only the tinkle of cow-bells, the song of many birds, and the hum of insects broke the enchantment of the hour. The views on every side were of grand mountain-tops and near-by rocky crags. The one thing wanting to his perfect satisfaction was—somebody whom he could tell how much he was enjoying himself alone!

He laughed aloud when he discovered in himself this trait of human nature honestly inherited from his great ancestor, Adam. The brown-skinned woman of the chalet, running out to look after him, laughed also, in sympathetic merriment. And at that moment Henry espied, coming across the rich verdure of the

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plain from the direction in which he meant presently to go, a cavalcade consisting of a couple of travelers on mules, conducted by a young peasant, who was occupied in picking a bouquet for one of them.

"That is my Mr. Claiborne, papa, who picked me up when the ship spilled me out of my deck-chair," cried a child's joyous voice.

Claiborne sprang to his feet, and waved his hat, calling out, "How do you do?" He had at once recognized two fellow-passengers on the steamer from New York, with whom the accidents of a voyage had put him into pleasant intercourse.

He had been interested from the first day out in the tall, pale, and melancholy-looking man to whose hand clung a quaint little girl of the Alice-in-Wonderland type. They were both in mourning, and, keeping apart from the other passengers, were said to have been recently bereaved of the child's mother, and to be going abroad for the health of the father, who had scarcely recovered from serious illness.

Everybody on deck had soon made friends with Rosabel. She was never seen without two armfuls of dollies, of which the favorite was a very homely German lady of the cheap, jointed pattern, painted in staring blacks and whites and reds. The complaints, tastes, and tempers of this family of dolls were in time known to the whole ship's company.

And here, in a remote sylvan haunt of the wild Alps, had Claiborne come again upon the father and daughter. He saluted them cordially, struck — and saying so — with the look of vigor Mr. Morland had taken on, as well as the new light in his eyes, the more frequent smile upon his lips.

"You see, too, how much better Gretchen-Augusta looks," said Rosabel, extending for the young man's notice the well-remembered old wooden doll. "Frau Berger says it is because she has returned to the place of her birth — that no one born in the Grödnertal Valley is ever as well out of it. You know, Mr. Claiborne, we came here for Gretchen-Augusta's health. As soon as she found out, in Botzen, she was so near the town she was born in, she would never let me rest until we arrived at St. Ulrich."

"For 'Gretchen-Augusta' read 'Rosabel,'" supplemented Rosabel's father, teasingly.

"It is an actual fact, Claiborne, that I let myself be decoyed into the Grödnertal Valley because somebody in Botzen told Rosie her most beloved doll had probably been made at St. Ulrich. We have been stopping there for two weeks now, and I am beginning to feel like Gulliver among the Lilliputians."

"I suppose I am very stupid," said Claiborne, helping his friends to dismount, and offering them a share of his repast, which was at once reinforced by fresh supplies from the good woman of the chalet; "but I don't understand your allusion to the Lilliputians; and I'm afraid I never even heard of St. Ulrich. What and where is it?"

"May I tell him what St. Ulrich is, papa?" cried Rosabel, with wide eyes. "Why, Mr. Claiborne, it's the place the toys come from."

"You must forgive me, Rosabel; but it is so long since I played with toys, I had forgotten this important fact, if, indeed, I ever knew anything about it."

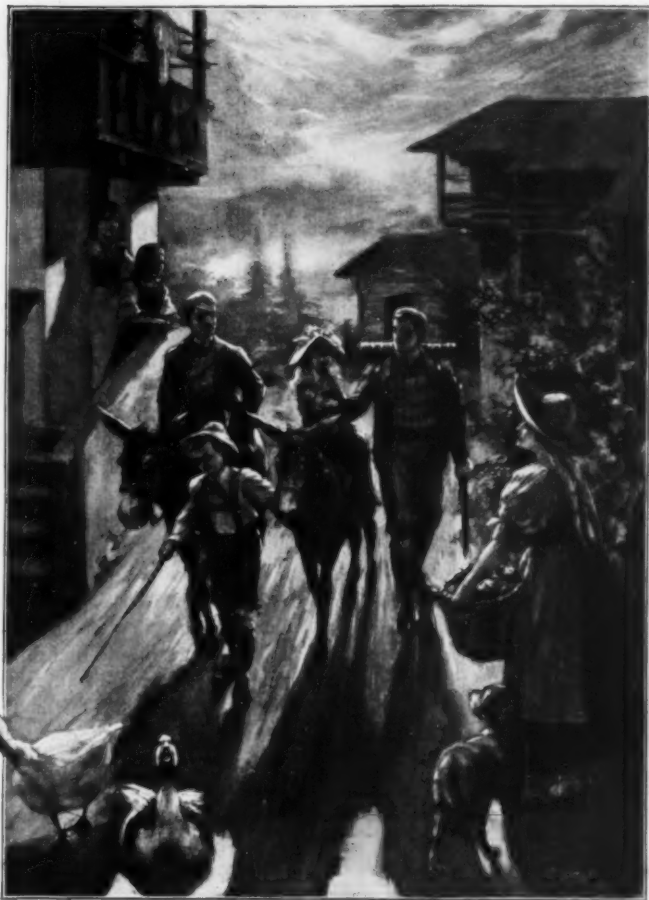
"You will never be likely to forget it again," said Mr. Morland; "that is, if you return with us and spend a night or two at the inn in St. Ulrich, as I hope you will. The air is so fine, and they are making me so comfortable at their little hostelry, that I have no desire to move on. And Rosie, for once, has enough of toys. The effect upon her of seeing thousands of dolls in various stages of growth by attachments, cartloads of arms and legs and torsos, has been to confirm her affections upon this poor old battered wreck of a Gretchen-Augusta, from whom now she never parts. I venture to tell you this while she and Gretchen-Augusta are inside the chalet visiting the herdsman's wife. Her affection for her treasure is too genuine to admit of joking. But you will be amused by an incursion into veritable Toyland."

"I have keen recollections of diving hopelessly into great shops, near Christmas-time, to buy gifts for my small nephews and nieces," replied Claiborne, "and of being trodden on, pushed, jammed, driven hither and thither, before I could escape with a woolly baa-lamb or a set of laundry-tubs hugged to my despairing breast. But otherwise, I confess, I had forgotten the

existence of such an industry as toy-making."

"You will be forcibly reminded of it in the Grödnertal. Except for a fair collection of Etruscan relics taken from tombs hereabout, and the decorations of the carved figures for use in churches, — of which, especially of patron saints, vast numbers are made there, — there is nothing of greater importance in the valley than the construction of jumping-jacks, and Noah's arks, villages, rocking-horses, animals on rollers, and wooden dolls of every style and size. The art of making these toys is hereditary — grandchildren working in the wake of their grandsires — mothers, fathers, sons, and daughters all taking a hand at it. What robs their work of individuality, however, is that one family will devote itself exclusively to fabricating arms, another to legs, another to heads or bodies. When the dolls are finally put together they are passed on to artists who apply the outer coat of brilliant red, black, white, blue, or grass-green paint required to complete the fascination of the charmer. With the final touch of a pair of white stockings with red garters and green or yellow slippers, the doll is sent out upon the cold mercies of the buying world. And I forgot to tell you that many of the lay-figures used in artists' studios are made in these workrooms of St. Ulrich."

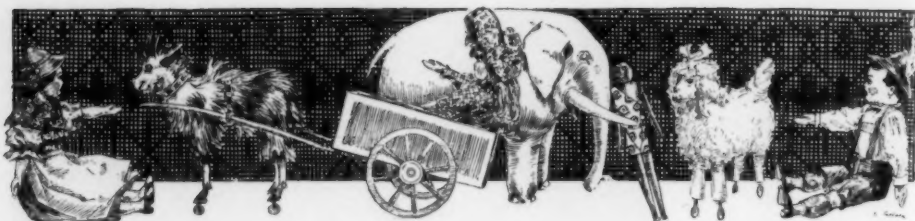
Claiborne did not require much pressing to turn aside from his walking-trip and visit this curious spot. When they had left behind the lovely hanging garden of the Seisseralp, and



ROSABEL AND HER FATHER AND MR. CLAIBORNE ENTERING THE TOWN OF TOY-MAKERS.

had plunged downward, their way lay through a darkly shaded gorge, over a path in parts so steep and so moist with recent rain that the mules gave up attempting to pick a footing, and allowed themselves to slide.

Still lower down, the mountain-slopes were sprinkled with tiny hamlets, in which it was not difficult to recognize the originals of those German villages-in-boxes dear to children of all nationalities. Here were the red roofs, the bright-green shutters, the clipped trees conical in shape and guarding the front doors, the garden-patches, mossy in texture, bedight with gayest flowers and beehives ranged in rows,



Sitting at little tables out of doors were seen the peasants taking their evening ease over a jug of beer, the goodwives knitting in the doorways, and all bestowing a friendly greeting upon the passers-by.

No less attractive of aspect was the thriving town itself, the chief center of Toyland, for which these scattered dwellings had prepared the eye. Like Oberammergau in the Bavarian highlands, and Interlaken and Brienz in Switzerland, St. Ulrich has been for many long years the headquarters in southeastern Tyrol of skilled carvers in wood. Here agricultural interests, except on the smallest and most necessary scale, are superseded by the universal industry of making playthings. How different from any manufacturing town Claiborne had seen in England or America was this assemblage of bright, smart-looking, and highly decorated houses and churches, each having its green yard and shade-trees, and all invitingly placed against a background of wooded hills, above the bed of a rushing mountain-stream!

As they passed through the chief street, Claiborne fancied himself one of those mortals whom the wave of a fairy's wand has transformed into dimensions suitable to the full enjoyment of things meant only for little folk. Every cottage bore some token of the devotion of its inmates to miniature constructions. A girl passed them, leading a donkey whose panniers contained nothing but toy dogs, cut out of wood and destitute of paint. A boy bent forward under a shoulder-pack full of white-whiskered monkeys destined to be affixed to springs and to be shut up in paper-covered boxes, there to be kept in durance by an insufficient hook. Another basket revealed a multitude of toy Noahs—enough, indeed, of those familiar patriarchs in yellow gowns,

with blue knobs in lieu of heads, to have saved from deluge the survivors of all the planets, as well as the elect of this our own little world.

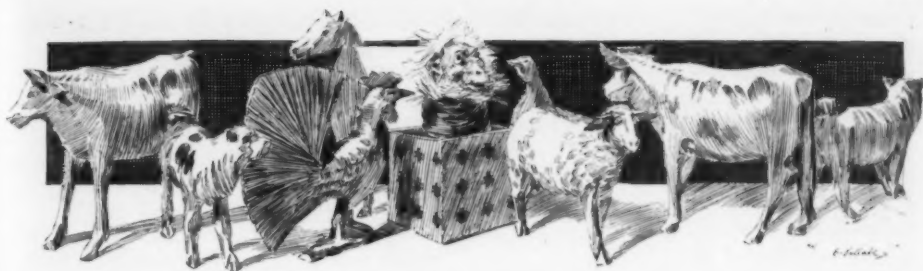
"Think of the monotony of constructing only Noahs—of not even changing to Shems or Hams or Japhets!" observed Claiborne to his friends.

"I will take you, to-morrow, to see an old crone who every working-day of her life, for five-and-twenty years, has painted twelve dozen red horses with white spots," answered Mr. Morland, laughing.

Soon Claiborne was ensconced in clean quarters in a sweet-smelling room which was merely the inside of a highly finished pine box. The evening meal, served to their party by solid-looking maidens with cheeks of apple-red, was substantial and well cooked. After enjoying this and a mug of excellent native beer,—while in the very middle of a concert of guitars and zithers tendered to the strangers by experts from the village,—the young man felt himself nodding. The pure air of the Alpine heights, his long walk, and the good food and drink, had combined to overcome his politeness. His head dropped upon his breast. When he next knew anything, Mr. Morland was shaking him up and sending him off to the downy recesses of a giant feather-bed.

Early next day little Rosabel assumed charge of the newcomer.

"Gretchen-Augusta has had rather a restless night," she said, joining Claiborne after breakfast, where he was smoking his pipe before the inn door; "and as papa has letters to write, I asked him to sit by her and let me go around with you. We left most of my dolls in a trunk in Munich, and papa thinks Gretchen-Augusta is moping for company. Since we have been here, he has asked me every day to pick out a



new companion for her, and I could not make up my mind. To-day I thought you would help me a little in my choice. Papa is n't very clever about dolls, Mr. Claiborne, though he tries ever so hard to like them."

"I will do my best to merit the implied compliment," said Claiborne, with gravity.

"You may wonder why I don't take my child out with me; but I have good reasons. It is very rude the way people stare at her in St. Ulrich. One painting person asked me to let her be 'done over'! Another said I ought to throw her away and buy a beauty she had to sell. Imagine papa throwing me away and getting a brand-new daughter because I had a little of the end rubbed off my nose and my cheeks were rather streaky!"

"Impossible to imagine it, Miss Morland. I vote for the preservation of Gretchen-Augusta 'as is,' for the head of your little family; and if we see anybody worthy to be her comrade, we shall purchase her forthwith."

"I am a little afraid one of those shiny ones might make Gretchen-Augusta jealous," said Rosie, with anxious brows.

Hand in hand, the young man and the child made the rounds of the principal shops and warerooms.

Rosabel, although evidently weighted with the care of her momentous selection, did not neglect to exhibit to her friend the various points indicated by Mr. Morland as most likely to engage his interest.

In an upper room of one of the great warehouses they saw lying in heaps upon the floor, like corn dropped from the sheller, thousands of the small, cheap jointed dolls most favored by the "little mothers of the poor."

"I don't know what they remind me of, unless it be whitebait," said Claiborne; and the polite proprietor who was showing the visitors around could not understand the reason for Rosie's sudden merriment.

"These will be packed and sent to England, America—everywhere," explained the master of the place. "In this bin, as you see, are wooden dogs; in the others horses, cows, goats, camels, elephants—all kinds of cheap beasts, in fact. Down below we have a better grade of animals, painted, harnessed, with bells and rollers. Here are our low-grade rocking-horses—black, covered with red spots like wafers. In the show-rooms below there are handsome ones—beauties fit for a little prince to ride; and dolls, yes, dolls that would make the young lady's eyes shine."

But Rosie was not to be tempted. She went the rounds of the best dealers, saw more than one elaborate creation of doll art of which it was averred that the duplicate had gone to some juvenile high-and-mightiness, and from everywhere came away irresolute.

"I am afraid you are hard to please, Rosie," said her tall companion. "Why, even *my* heart beat high at the sight of that last beauty they unpacked for us."

"Ah!—but you see, Mr. Claiborne, how would my poor Gretchen-Augusta feel when they made comparisons between the two?"

"That *is* a difficulty. On the whole, Rosie, what do you say to giving up the new doll altogether, and sticking to Gretchen-Augusta?"

"Do you really think I might?" cried the child, evidently relieved of a weight of care.

"Of course I do. Sterling worth before beauty, any day! My own impression is that

if I were traveling about in a strange land, as you are, I should consider Gretchen-Augusta's company a boon."

Rosie's face continued to brighten. She looked so happy and trustful that Claiborne's heart smote him for making sport of her. For the remainder of the morning she devoted herself to the business of showing him in and out of the establishments whose proprietors had evidently a soft spot in their hearts for the little American coming to take up her abode among them in her deep-mourning garb.

Before they had half finished their tour of inspection, Mr. Claiborne had seen toy soldiers enough to girdle the German empire; flotillas of Noah's arks; boxes upon boxes of villages, railway-cars, drays, wagons; of forts, omnibuses, hand-organs, fire-engines; of boats; shelves on shelves of dolls' heads smiling the immemorial smile of their species; animals of all known and many composite varieties—a glut of playthings, a weariness of toys!

Our friends next visited the church, aglow inside with tributes from the best painters and gilders of the Tyrol, and were there joined by Mr. Morland, who soon afterward cordially invited them to return to the inn for their mid-day meal.

"You will be quite ready for roast veal and

compote of plums, I fancy; and after lunch we will visit some of the cottages," he said.

"I like the cottages," exclaimed Rosie, skipping beside them; "but I wish the children did not have to work so hard. Let us take Mr. Claiborne to see our wee little girl, papa, who varnishes cats all day." And she does not mess herself one bit, either."

"By the way, Rosie," asked her father, "where is your purchase? I expected to see you with Gretchen-Augusta's rival in your arms."

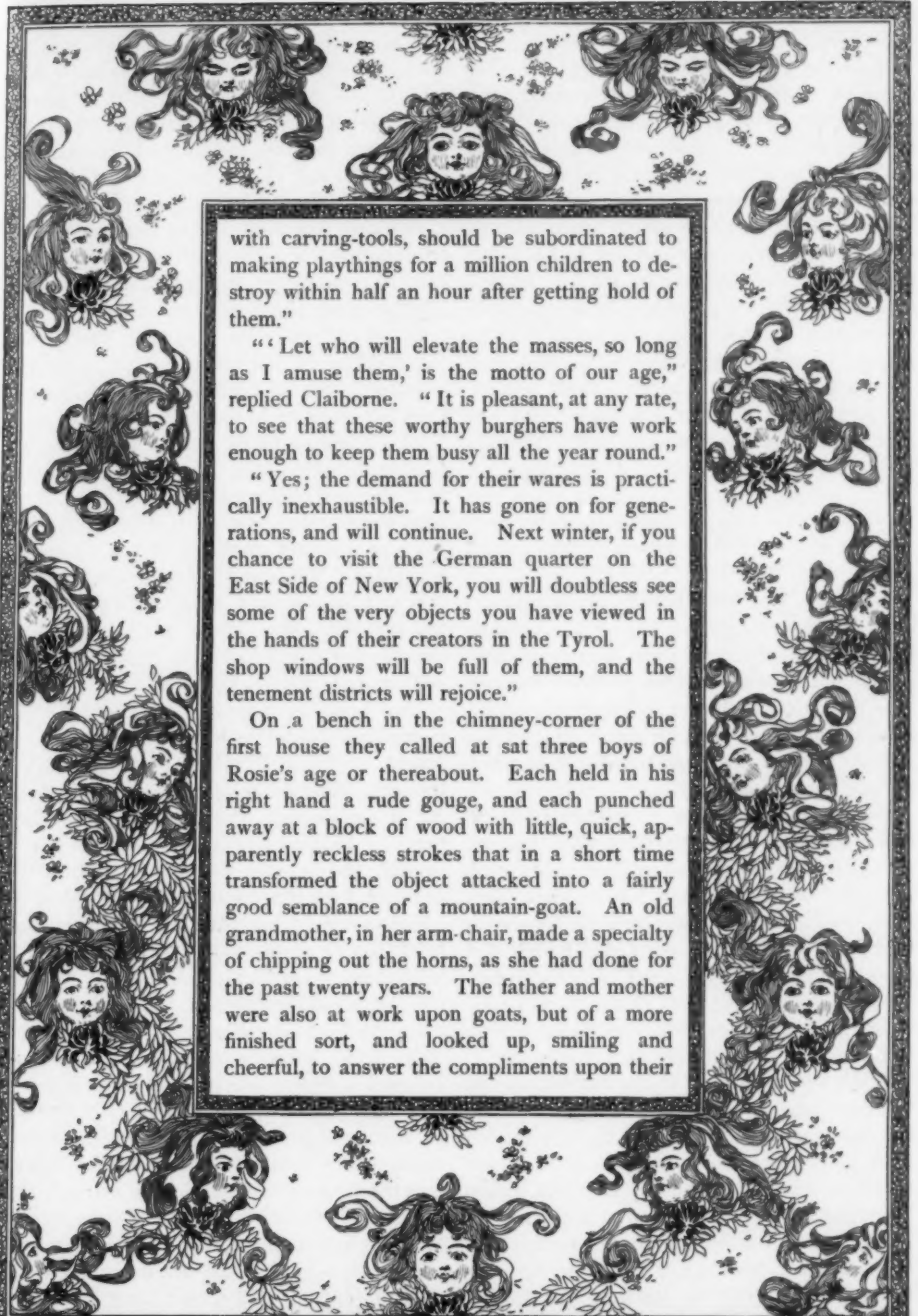
"She is n't to have any rival," cried the child, exultingly. "Mr. Claiborne and I have settled it. And, truly, from what he says, papa, I think that Mr. Claiborne sometimes cares almost as much for my darling Gretchen-Augusta as I do!"

"You have won my little girl's heart," said Morland, when, after dinner, they started forth again upon their rounds. "But now for the artificers and their homes, a few of which will give you a good idea of all; for, with rare exceptions, the whole population of St. Ulrich

is given over to toy-making, which they find pays better than more artistic wood-carving. I came upon one young fellow, recently, cutting birds and foliage in high relief that would have been a credit to Grinling Gibbons; but he put it quietly aside to shape out horses' heads of the crudest pattern for the diversion of urchins in Berlin or London or New York. It is a pity that such a fine sense of form as these peasants have, such extraordinary facility



"EVEN THE CHILDREN WORK AT MAKING TOYS."



with carving-tools, should be subordinated to making playthings for a million children to destroy within half an hour after getting hold of them."

"'Let who will elevate the masses, so long as I amuse them,' is the motto of our age," replied Claiborne. "It is pleasant, at any rate, to see that these worthy burghers have work enough to keep them busy all the year round."

"Yes; the demand for their wares is practically inexhaustible. It has gone on for generations, and will continue. Next winter, if you chance to visit the German quarter on the East Side of New York, you will doubtless see some of the very objects you have viewed in the hands of their creators in the Tyrol. The shop windows will be full of them, and the tenement districts will rejoice."

On a bench in the chimney-corner of the first house they called at sat three boys of Rosie's age or thereabout. Each held in his right hand a rude gouge, and each punched away at a block of wood with little, quick, apparently reckless strokes that in a short time transformed the object attacked into a fairly good semblance of a mountain-goat. An old grandmother, in her arm-chair, made a specialty of chipping out the horns, as she had done for the past twenty years. The father and mother were also at work upon goats, but of a more finished sort, and looked up, smiling and cheerful, to answer the compliments upon their

skill. On the shelves of this cottage stood row upon row of the same animals.

Upon the threshold of the next dwelling the goodwife sat fashioning a no less stately apparition than "my lord the Elephant." Her husband, employed indoors upon a camelopard, exhibited with satisfaction the Tyrolean version in wood of this product of Asiatic or African climes. Other houses revealed beasts of high or low degree in numbers enough to stock one of Rudyard Kipling's *Jungle Books*. In one trim little chalet, the prevailing industry was the red monkey without a tail that (until broken) perpetually ascends and falls over a rod.

"Do you remember those touching lines of the poet, Rosie?" asked Claiborne, who was putting one of these agile animals through his paces. These he recited theatrically:

"Willie had a painted monkey,
Climbing up a painted stick.
Willie sucked his painted monkey,
And it made him very sick."

"There! You have broken him already!" cried out Rosie, reproachfully; and Claiborne offered a handful of small coins in payment. But he was not allowed to make good his damage. The people of the house smilingly refused his offering; and Claiborne, on going out, was fain to drop a bit of silver into the cradle of a big, stolid, flaxen-haired baby.

On all sides they saw cleanliness of house and person, and the contentment which belongs to a placid domestic life—an ideal community, it seemed to the American lookers-on in Toyland, where everybody appeared to be always busy; and Rosie almost persuaded herself that even little children were never to be found outdoors at play, though, of course, it was only during certain hours that the young people were really at work or indoors.

What with such visits to the warehouses and work-people, with making acquaintance with the villagers, and excursions to the neighboring Alps, Claiborne found his glimpse of St. Ulrich all too short. When the day came for him to "take the road" again, it was with genuine regret that he said farewell to the pretty, busy town, and the friends, old and new, he must leave there. While his landlady was stuffing his wallet with dainties of her own devising, a

lame old woman, upon whom he and Rosie had made several calls, hobbled around to the inn to offer him the gift of a pen-handle fashioned like a bird's claw, of a pattern handed down to her by her own grandmother. This token was the sole souvenir he allowed himself to take out of the happy valley, and was valued in proportion to the giver's poverty.

When all was ready for his departure, and a little group of friendly folk had assembled with Mr. Morland before the inn to see the pedestrian set forth, Rosie alone was missing.

In another moment she came flying down the stairs, her face bathed in tears, in her outstretched arms the familiar, battered figure of Gretchen-Augusta in traveling attire.

"I am going to let her go with you, Mr. Claiborne," cried she. "Ever since you said that about wanting her to travel with, I've been making up my mind to give her to you. But she must n't think I'd let anybody take her place. There is n't one in all St. Ulrich that I'd have instead of her!" And thrusting the doll into the young man's embarrassed hands, poor little self-despoiled Rosie cast herself into her father's arms and wept aloud.

Not least of young Claiborne's pleasant memories of St. Ulrich was the picture presented by his little friend—reunited to her treasure, although reluctant to take it back! All his diplomacy and gentleness had been requisite to persuade Rosie that, though he should find Gretchen-Augusta a delightful comrade, he did not know enough of doll language to interest her, and really could not make her happy or comfortable with no place but his small and crowded knapsack to keep her in, no playmates for her hours of rest at the wayside inns—and could supply so little of anything to make up for her mother Rosabel that it would be cruel in him to take her away with him.

Rosie was waving him farewell, Gretchen-Augusta clasped to her bosom, as he strode away through the sparkling mountain atmosphere into the fir wood's gloom. And when, for the last time, he turned to look back upon the red-roofed Tyrolean village, with its spires, trees, and belfries, all a-glitter in the sun, it seemed to him that the capital of Toyland must have been dipped into the fountain of perpetual youth.

A black and white illustration of a pirate on the deck of a ship. The pirate is wearing a wide-brimmed hat with a feather, a long coat with a sash, and breeches. He is holding a sword in his right hand and pointing with his left. In the background, there are ship rigging, a flag with a skull and crossbones, and two other people on the deck looking on.

The Pirate Poodle.

By Carolyn Wells.

ONCE there was a Pirate Poodle,
And he sailed the briny seas
From the land of Yankee Doodle
Southward to the Caribbees.
He would boast with tales outlandish,
Of his valor and renown;
And his cutlass he would brandish
With a fearful pirate frown.
So ferocious was his manner
All his crew looked on, aghast;
And his sable pirate banner
Floated from his pirate mast.
He reiterated proudly
Naught had power to make him quail;
Yet when thunder roared *too* loudly
He would turn a trifle pale.
And he turned a trifle paler
When there came a sudden squall;
For this funny little sailor
Was ridiculously small.
And whene'er a storm portended
He 'd betake himself below.
So much fear and courage blended
Did a pirate ever show?



AN ORCHESTRA MADE UP FROM THE APPRENTICES.

APPRENTICES OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

BY JOSEPH COBLENTZ GROFF.

ALMOST every one by this time knows of battle-ships and cruisers, of torpedoes and torpedo-boats, and of the gallant officers and jolly Jack Tars who man the ships; but it is safe to say that there are few indeed who have even heard of the young naval apprentice, the work which he has to do, and what his chances are for the future. It is enough at present to say that he is an enlisted boy, who by means of a great deal of drill and training develops gradually into a most efficient and useful man on board of our modern ships.

The grand success of our fleets at Manila and Santiago was due, to a great degree, to the excellent ability and marksmanship of the gun-captains on board, nearly all of whom were ex-apprentices.

With the advent of the "White Squadron"

about twelve years ago came a general awakening in naval affairs, and a great change in the mode of life and of training of both officers and men needed to man the modern ships.

The old-time sailing-craft, with its sides bristling with antiquated smooth-bore guns, and with its tall masts and huge sails, gave way to the modern iron-clad cruiser, fitted with all the modern armament and machinery, so that the duties of the crew became entirely different from those of former days, and at the same time a great deal more complicated.

The new requirements for the commissioned officers on board have been met promptly by the authorities at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, of which institution all except certain of the staff-officers are graduates.

It has not been so easy to supply the service

with well-equipped seamen, but in a quiet and experimental way this difficulty is being overcome.

Many are the ways and means employed for the proper training of our seamen, and it is only after many years of hard work that good results can be expected.

The government, fully realizing this necessity, about the time that the modern vessels came into use organized the apprentice training system for American boys who might wish to become modern man-of-war's-men.

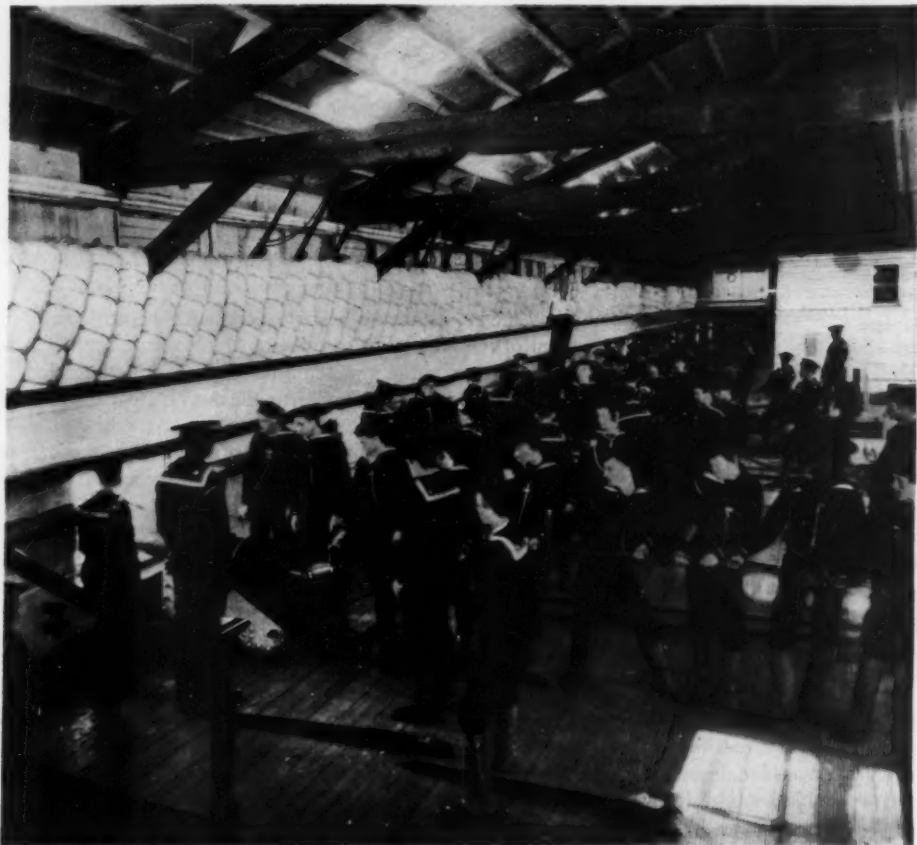
Headquarters for the apprentices have always been at Newport, Rhode Island, and there the boys are sent from different parts of the country to receive their first lessons fitting them to be able seamen. There one of the

largest old-time sailing-vessels of the navy is fitted up as a receiving-ship for them, and aboard of it they are all quartered.

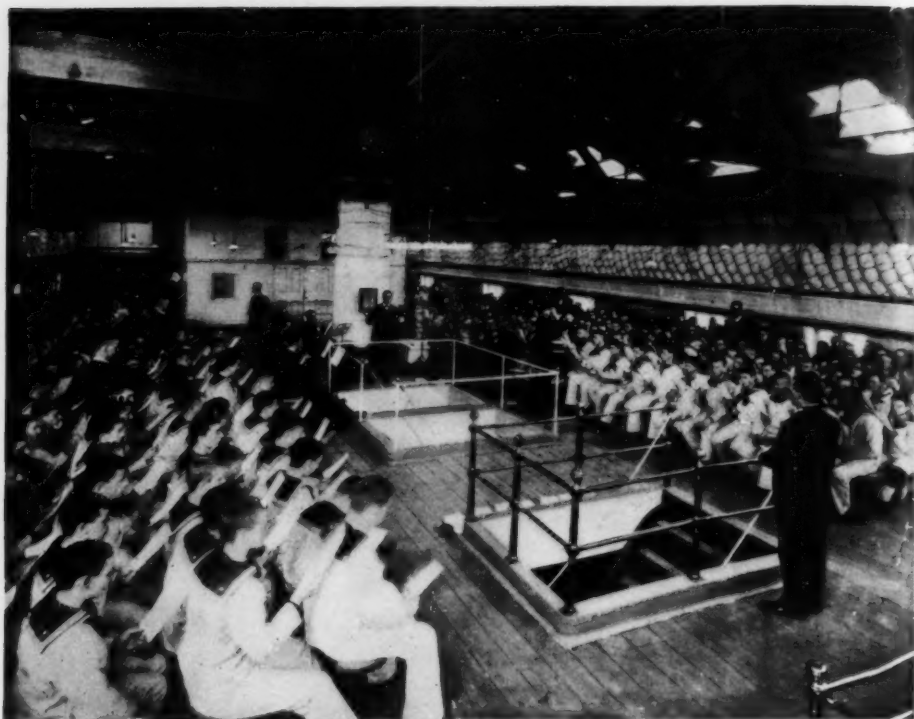
The old "Constellation," sister ship to the "Constitution" ("Old Ironsides"), is now in use for this purpose.

Boys who are enlisted on receiving-ships at the several naval stations are sent on to Newport to begin their work at once. There are usually at the station about three hundred undergoing instruction at the same time.

Any American youth between the ages of fourteen and seventeen, who has the consent of parents or guardian, who can read and write the English language, and who is possessed of a sound physique, will find no difficulty in being enrolled in the navy as an apprentice.



THE DRILL AT THE OLD-FASHIONED GUNS.



THE APPRENTICES ASSEMBLED FOR CHURCH SERVICE.

What is meant by a "sound physique" can be understood best from a brief statement of the kind of physical examination the boys are compelled to take before being admitted. A naval surgeon begins by measuring and weighing the boy, stripped, in order to ascertain whether or not he is of normally symmetrical structure. All marks and bruises are carefully recorded as a means of future identification. The lungs and heart are then tested in order that the chest expansion and action of the heart may be known.

He must not be near-sighted or color-blind, for these defects would be discovered at once, and would be sufficient cause for his rejection. After having passed the tests already named, if he has not impaired hearing, and if he exhibits ordinary muscular development, he is regarded as a desirable boy physically.

It is not so hard for the boy who wishes to secure such a position as it is for the one who

aspires to become a commissioned officer, for in the latter case the boy must secure at the hands of the representative of his district in Congress an appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

In ordinary times of peace it is impossible for the apprentice ever to become a commissioned officer, but by proper attention to duty, and by good conduct, he may become in time a warrant-officer, such as boatswain, gunner, or carpenter, with a salary eventually of eighteen hundred dollars a year.

Other lower positions open to him are such as boatswain's mate, captain of certain parts of the ship, master-at-arms, etc., with pay averaging about thirty-five dollars a month and rations.

When a boy first enters the navy he receives as pay nine dollars a month, besides his rations, and he is also provided free with a complete outfit of bedding and clothing. He receives

a thoroughly good and practical education, which will fit him to be a useful man in the world, should he wish to leave the service at the end of his first period of enlistment, which is for five years.

The boys at the training-station truly may be said to live in a little world of their own, for they do not need to go outside of their own circle to find any of the needs of life. At certain hours of the day they form a well-regulated school in which they are taught all the elements of science, English, and mathematics—enough to enable them to understand thoroughly and to handle intelligently the various fittings and armament of a modern man-of-war.

Well-informed and thoroughly practical officers are stationed there to instruct the apprentices in all the drills and manœuvres used by seamen afloat and ashore, including infantry, light artillery, seamanship in all its forms,—both theoretical and practical,—the several kinds of signaling used in the service, the handling of boats under steam, oars, and sails, and the use of sword and gun in the arts of fencing and of bayonet exercise.

At Newport is the only important torpedo-station of our government, and it is therefore convenient for the apprentices to be taught, while there, the mode of constructing a torpedo, and the proper care and handling of the same.

cive to their highest moral improvement. Every Sunday the boys are assembled on deck to join in a regular church worship, presided over by the chaplain, and it is a most interesting sight to see several hundred boys of tender age, all in the same blue uniform, joining heartily in the service. Those with voices worthy of any cultivation are assigned to the choir, and they enjoy this honor quite as much as any of the several privileges that fall to their lot. At certain other times, in the evenings, during recreation periods, they are permitted to assemble for any kind of innocent amusement, and one of the most popular pastimes among them seems to be dancing.

The spacious deck is cleared, and there, to the music of an orchestra formed from their own number, they trip together the "light fantastic." It is well that there are some such pleasures for the young boys, for otherwise the hardships and discipline of the service would become most irksome.

Every spring and summer the apprentices are taken aboard some of the older vessels of the navy and are sent abroad for a cruise, during which, under efficient officers, they are taught the full duties of seamen afloat. All the theory of seamanship and gunnery is then reduced to practice, and the apprentices are put through the evolutions of furling, reefing,



THE BUGLE CORPS AT PRACTICE.

A chaplain in the navy is detailed regularly for duty among the boys, and to look after them in any way he may think most conducive to their highest moral improvement. Every Sunday the boys are assembled on deck to join in a regular church worship, presided over by the chaplain, and it is a most interesting sight to see several hundred boys of tender age, all in the same blue uniform, joining heartily in the service. Those with voices worthy of any cultivation are assigned to the choir, and they enjoy this honor quite as much as any of the several privileges that fall to their lot. At certain other times, in the evenings, during recreation periods, they are permitted to assemble for any kind of innocent amusement, and one of the most popular pastimes among them seems to be dancing.

As soon as the apprentices are received into the service they are arranged into classes, being known as apprentices of the first, second, or third class, according to the length of time they have served.

It has been the custom of the government recently to detail apprentices of the highest two classes (first and second) to the several modern cruisers and battle-ships that are in active service, to do duty among the older and full-fledged seamen. At first their presence on board such ships was protested against by both officers and men, as it was thought by the latter that the apprentices were too young and too light to do the work of seamen.

It was very soon found, however, that what the apprentice lacked in weight and strength he made up for by his agility aloft and by his quickness to pick up and to master the important details of gunnery, signaling, and electricity, and by this time he has become an indispensable part of the crew of every large ship in the service.

There are usually not more than forty apprentices allowed to any one ship; but in urgent cases, when the supply of regular seamen on board a ship is low, there are more apprentices sent to fill up such deficiency.

It may be interesting to know that in the great naval engagements at Manila and at Santiago nearly every American gun-captain was an ex-apprentice.

The government, knowing that it is difficult to make good gunners out of raw material, recently hit upon the plan of laying open to the most deserving of the ex-apprentices what might be called a "postgraduate course in gunnery," which fits them to have precedence over other seamen and to be assigned as gunners where skill and science are needed.

In pursuance of this plan, the Navy Department directs the captain of each ship at certain times to recommend a fixed number of apprentices on board his ship whom he regards the most worthy of trust and prominence, and from these lists of names apprentices are selected and sent to Newport for advanced training.

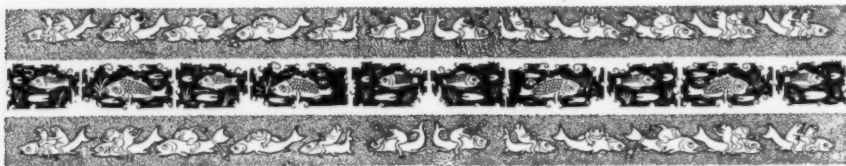
Such apprentices are taught the details of guns, explosives, projectiles, electricity, signaling, and all the important duties of a modern sailor. They are given several months of practical work with all the modern armament used in the service, they being sent on short practice cruises aboard of either a battle-ship or a double-turreted monitor, on which are guns of every description, from a small machine-gun to the large twelve-inch gun mounted in a turret.

As soon as one detail of apprentices has been put through the required course, it is relieved and another is sent to take its place; so in this way there is always good timber from which to draw competent gun-captains and electricians.

Secretary Long just recently gave instructions for the rehabilitation of the old-time ships "Essex" and "Adams" as training-ships, so as to extend the apprentice system, since he realizes the greater need of well-trained and up-to-date seamen in the navy.

It is his intention to have one of these stationed on the Atlantic and the other on the Pacific coast. The ships used for this purpose in the past, the "Alliance" and the "Mohican," will continue in the same service.

Although, as already stated, the apprentice can never hope to become a commissioned officer, there are many positions of trust and honor in the service that are open to him, if he but applies himself to the tasks assigned to him day by day, and is awake to the opportunities that are sure to turn up for him.





THE CASE OF · MRS · BURROWS ·

BY GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN.

THE President of "The Poor Ye Have Always with You" circle of King's Daughters sank down wearily on the steps of the broad porch, and dropping her jaunty straw hat by

her side, ran her slim fingers through her curly hair.

She was only sixteen, was the President, and the poor of Sycamore Valley were many and shiftless, and funds were low, and she had been driving to and fro all day, arranging to send Mrs. Burrows into the city to her son. But the poor seemed possessed of an overweening affection for the valley, and Mrs. Burrows had not wanted to go; and the thermometer, though the spring was still young, registered eighty-nine degrees; and the President was tired and hot—too hot even to go in to supper; so she had dropped here on the step, and was drinking in the perfume of the growing things about her, and letting the tender green of the lawn and the unfolding beeches quiet and soothe her, before she presented herself to her family.

"And when it is an unreasonable old person like Mrs. Burrows, one simply has to judge for her," murmured the President, in the positive tones of one trying to reassure one's self. "She could not live alone any longer, crippled with rheumatism as she is; and there was not a windy night last winter but I feared the cabin would be down about her head." And at a

second summons of a bell from within, the slim young girl arose and went slowly in through the wide and airy hall to the dining-room.

"Such a time, mama!" she explained to the gentle face turned inquiringly upon her from the head of the table. "We shipped her things on the morning freight, you know, thinking she was going on the three, when here comes a letter from the son saying that he could not meet her in the middle of the afternoon, and to send her on the six. So we have been trying to keep her spirits up since morning until at five o'clock I drove her to the station, and bought her ticket, and gave her the son's letter with the address, in case of anything happening, and left her there hugging a little Indian basket full of tea-cakes Cassie gave her for her



"THE PRESIDENT SANK WEARILY ON THE STEPS."

son's children. I told the son his duty very plainly in my letter last week, and he at least has *promised* to do what is right." The President frowned a little as she helped herself to curd and poured the thick yellow cream generously upon it, then continued more slowly: "Of course she did not want to go, and her scared old face is going to haunt me and keep me miserable. But don't you think we did right, papa,"—turning toward that gentleman, at the foot of the table,—“bent double as she is with rheumatism, and Mr. Kohlert telling her to find some other place, as the cabin is unsafe and he means to tear it down?”

But the President's father, having cut a delicately thin slice of pink ham and placed it upon his daughter's plate, looked at that young woman quizzically through his eyeglasses.

"I should say it was rather a big question to decide offhand," he returned, "especially if she be the old person I saw on the platform as I got off the train—an old woman with her hair about her face and a general air of *Lear*

in the storm. I should say, if the move is responsible for the expression, it would have been better to have tried A Green Tea or A Spring Vegetable Festival, or something else appropriate to the season, for her benefit before resorting to extremities."

The President looked at her father reproachfully. "But, papa, how could we? There was the Lawn Fête last summer to pay her doctor's bill, and the Cake Sale at Thanksgiving to buy her winter's coal. People are tired of helping Mrs. Burrows. It is like pouring water into a sieve. You remember, mama, how it was about the two nice suits of flannel we bought her—to find—when she was taken down with

rheumatism—she had but one left, and that—well—not spotless. She had given the other suit to that wretched Mrs. Sloan, of course, because Mrs. Sloan—to whom we had given two sets the winter before, with the injunction that they were to do two winters—had torn hers up for bandages last summer when her husband was hurt. And because the circle spent last week making Mrs. Burrows a new black dress to go to town, did n't she give away her two good calicoes, because she did n't need so many? When there are so many requiring help, papa, it does seem only right her son should be caring for her. You remember, mama, you agreed with me that it seemed the wisest thing to do!"

But mama was too gentle ever to take so decided a stand. "But I never thought of her being opposed to it," she protested mildly.

The poor President dropped the biscuit she had just buttered. "But what else could we do, mama? This cabin had been rent-free, and we dared not pledge ourselves to pay for another; and

when she has a grown son—even if he has been wild—" She pushed her coffee-cup away. "Please, mama, it is too hot to eat; may I go?"

Then, hardly waiting for the response, the President rose and left the room, leaving father and mother to smile indulgently over her impulsive ways.

But when she reached the moon-lit porch she found the steps already occupied, and, recognizing the stunted, stooping figure with its bushy head of uncut hair and beard, gave a half-articulated groan, then went forward out of the shadow.

"Well, Jim?"—and it was with an evident effort she managed to impart even a shade of



"JIM SHAMBLER OFF, WAGGING HIS HEAD, AND TALKING TO HIMSELF AS HE WENT." (SEE PAGE 372.)

welcome to her tone; for Jim, queer, shrewd, irresponsible Jim, with a twist somewhere in his brain, though with a witty tongue, was sometimes one of the most trying of the poor who were with the circle always, the more so that he was a privileged character in the valley, and, worse still, knew it. "What is it this evening, Jim?"

"Hush!" said Jim,—and his great head wagged warningly,—“sh-h! Doan't you hear the mocker in that locus' yon'er? Time enough to say my say when it stops. I ain't in no hurry; I never goes to bed when the mockers sing, nohow.”

The President laughed in spite of herself. "I'm not the Treasurer, Jim," she returned, "and sentiment does not go with me as it does with her, so out with it: what have you come for?" And she drew forward a chair and sat down resignedly.

But Jim, having chosen his rôle, stuck to it. "I was jus' goin' by," he declared, "an' hearin' a mocker in your locus' clump, an' the moon comin' up a-through your orchard an' ag'in' your pines, I jus' reckoned I'd come in an' set awhile."

"Oh," said the President.

"There's nothin' like moonlight an' mockers, nohow, to cheer a one up when he's down," continued Jim, and his head wagged mournfully; "but 't ain't my way to talk about myself. Tell a little an' keep a little; that's my way."

"Ah," said the President, "I knew there was something. Out with it, Jim."

But Jim had changed his tactics.

"While I was here I did 'low to ask you about the collection last Sunday, Miss Sidney. They tell me it was all give' over to you Daughters."

"You know it was, Jim; you were there." And the President felt she had a right to that added sharpness in her tone, seeing that nothing went on within the walls of the little stone church (or in the valley outside, for that matter) that was lost on Jim—from the darn in the chancel carpet to the kicking by Mrs. Stone's Johnny against the freshly varnished pew with his new shoes. No baptism, no wedding, no funeral, that would have been prop-

erly conducted without Jim—at least, from Jim's own standpoint. And the President felt that she had him.

"Yes'm; I was there, so I was, an' I thought I heared 'em say so. For the valley's poor it was give to you Daughters, I heared."

"But it was not half so large as we hoped it might be," forestalled the President, with a view to any subsequent demand.

"Jus' what I 'lowed when I seen Mr. Collins put in a dime—him that's so ag'in' foreign missions. I minded to stop by his store, I did, an' ask him why them that's so ag'in' foreigners is the same as only gives dimes to home ones; but I was studyin' so about my bedclo'es as I come along, I clean forgot—"

"Bedclothes, Jim?"

"Yes'm; an' piller, too."

"What about them, Jim?"

"Someone's got 'em, Miss Sidney. An' seein' I know they was took for some 'n' older an' poorer than me, why, it's so, Miss Sidney, I can't say nothin'."

"I knew there was something besides the mocking-birds," laughed the President. "Who took them, Jim?"

Jim shuffled his feet on the gravel, then hitched his body further on the step. "'T ain't no matter, now, an' I'd rather not say who. I never goes to bed when the mockers sing, nohow, myself. I ain't feelin' well, neither, an' when my stomach's skittish, 't ain't no use to try to sleep."

The President moved uneasily. When Jim took this tone one felt one's self slipping. Therefore, against her better judgment, she found herself inquiring:

"What's the matter with your stomach, Jim?"

"'T ain't, by rights, to say so much my stomach, Miss Sidney, as the uncertainty that's upsettin'. I al'ays laid Mr. Collins off fer a mean man ever since he spoke out ag'in' foreign missions."

"But what has he to do with your stomach, Jim?"

"It's them canned things, Miss Sidney—they the rain washed the labels off 'n the night his store roof was blowed off. There ain't no tellin' what's in them cans 'thout labels on

them. That 's why he give 'em to me—he could n't sell 'em. An' I 'll leave it to you, Miss Sidney, if it ain't upsettin' for a man to get his mouth set for salmon, say, for his bre'k-fus', an' have the next can turn out peaches, an', whatever it opens, 'bliged to be e't, for keepin', this weather. He 's stingy, if you want to know, Mr. Collins is. But there! what do you know about stingy, an' you a Halliard? I said to myself jus' now, I did, comin' up the drive,—an' the mocker splittin' his head in the locus',—I says: 'There ain't no back-door meanness about the Halliards'; that 's what I said."

As long as Jim was facing the moon-lit lawn, and his back was to the door, it would have been unfair to believe he knew that his audience had been increased by two, and therefore Sidney, rising, held up a finger in warning to her father and mother, for there was sometimes much meat in the matter of Jim's discourse. "'Back-door meanness,' Jim?" she repeated.

"Yes, 'm, jus' that. I judges mostly, myself, by the coffee-grounds folks give me, accordin' to the p'int they 're b'iled out; an' I 'd ruther have coffee made out your ma's grounds than a cup of anybody else's first b'ilin' in this here valley."

The President's mother was open to flattery, if the President was not. "You are very welcome to them, Jim," she said amiably, "and to the table-scraps also, since Mrs. Burrows has goné, if you will come for them. You have not promised them to any one, have you, daughter?" But Sidney, laughing, had gone indoors.

"You there, Mis' Halliard? G' evenin', ma'am"; and Jim got stiffly up, not without a groan, and made his obeisance. "It 's no more than I would 'a' said you 'd say, ma'am. There 's nothin' stingy about a Halliard, I was jus' a-tellin' Miss Sidney."

"It 's kind of you to say so, Jim," murmured the masculine representative of that name, feeling in his pocket for a dime.

"Yes, sir,—thank you, sir,—it 's what we used to say every day, Mis' Burrows an' me, the winter she nursed me through the rheumatiz. 'No back-door meanness about a Halliard. Al'ays a plenty of biscuit left over, an' often, mebbe, fried chicken an' a taste of

some'n' sweet from the day before. There 's plenty of folks shows a big fist at the front door, but you 've got to read 'em *at the back* to know 'em!" And Jim drew his old hat over his shock of hair as Sidney came out again, a huge bundle in her arms. "Well, g' night, ma'am; g' night, Miss Sidney; I mus' be goin', though nights the mockers sing I never goes to bed, nohow."

The President stayed him with a gesture. "Wait; here is a comfort, Jim—the last the circle has to give away. You are to take care of it; do you understand? And I am giving you one of my sofa cushions for a pillow. I have taken the cover off, mama, and slipped an old case on it. Are you working anywhere now, Jim? We sent you word you could find work in Mr. Marvin's vineyard."

Jim took the bundle. "No, 'm; I ain't been workin' this week. The cherries is in bloom this week, an' somehow I 've al'ays noticed my rheumatiz is worse when the cherries is in bloom. But soon as the spring gits out o' my bones, you 'll see me workin', Miss Sidney; you Daughters will see me hustlin'—yes, 'm, hustlin'"; and Jim shambled off into the shadows athwart the drive, wagging his head and talking to himself as he went.

And Jim prophesied truly, for even before the cherry-trees ceased to bloom he proceeded to "work" the King's Daughters for all he could. But it was not until the next meeting of that organization, one week later, in the Halliards' parlor, that Jim's perfidy came to their knowledge.

The first intimation was when Cassie Merrill, the Treasurer, read her report, for,—among such items as, "For freight on Mrs. Burrows's furniture, \$2.50; for Mrs. Burrows's ticket, 65 cents; for calico for wrappers for Mrs. Sloan's baby, 45 cents,"—Cassie read out in her soft, businesslike little way: "To Jim Harvey, for carrying message from the President to the Secretary, 10 cents."

At this, in her haste to set herself aright, the President quite forgot her parliamentary rulings, and sprang to her feet. "There is some mistake," she protested; "I paid Jim myself; it was a personal matter entirely, the message."

The Secretary, Alice Cawthorne, paused in the



"THE PRESIDENT QUITE FORGOT HER PARLIAMENTARY RULINGS, AND SPRANG TO HER FEET."

midst of taking her notes, laid down her pencil, and put up her eye-glasses. "Jim is getting absent-minded," she remarked; "he collected a dime from me when he brought the message."

The Treasurer's round little face flushed. "He said that Sidney told him to come to me and I would pay him," she explained. "It was the same evening he came to mama for a mattress; his having been taken, or something. Of course, you know, girls, I never dreamed—"

"Not a mattress, Cassie," corrected the President; "a comfort. And I meant to tell you all I gave him—"

"Not a mattress or comfort either," interrupted Annette Rivers, "for he told me all about it. It was a chair, for he had nothing left but a soap-box to sit on. Mama let me give him an old rocker from up garret."

"But it *was* a mattress," insisted the flushed Treasurer, "for mama gave him an old one from

one of the servants' beds, and you know they gave Jim the big arm-chair out of the vestry-room only a month ago, when they refurnished the church."

"Well," said the President, "it was a comfort he came to me for, and I gave him the calico one we finished just before Easter."

The circle was looking grave when little Jane North spoke up, addressing the Secretary: "Of course it may be all right, and I would not have spoken of it otherwise, and it almost seems mean to suspect him; but mama and I could not help wondering, Alice, if you all know that Jim is selling your strawberries?"

The Secretary clapped her glasses upon her nose once more, and viewed Jane, astonishment written upon every feature. "Selling our strawberries?"

"For the benefit of the King's Daughters," supplemented Jane. "That is what he told us when he came to sell some to mama."

"I see," remarked the Secretary. "Our gardener is sick, and I persuaded Jim to take a job at weeding. We have scarcely tasted a strawberry ourselves, but Jim assured us that something seemed to be *eating* them."

No one even smiled. Indeed, the President was looking pale. "I cannot believe it," she declared. "We have known Jim all our lives. He has watched us grow up."

"Mother's gingham wrapper disappeared off the line wash-day," came from Ellie Preston, hesitatingly, "and cook declares the children next door saw Jim take it when he came for his dinner; but we laughed at the idea."

"His dinner!" exclaimed the President. "But we give him all he can possibly eat since Mrs. Burrows went."

"And so do we," came from another Daughter. "He brings his basket every day."

"He has had three meals a day at our house," insisted Ellie, "ever since he pulled papa's hunting-dog from under the train."

The Secretary was a person of decision. "We have known Jim all our lives," she stated, "and he is queer-witted, and reasons things out differently from the rest of us; and we all know no one has ever questioned his honesty. I move that we go and hunt him up before judging him." And she closed her book.

Acting upon which motion, the meeting at once adjourned; and seeking their hats, the agitated members sallied forth in quest of Jim.

The way down the maple-shaded street led to the post-office,—as, indeed, did all the streets of Sycamore, like spokes about a hub,—and the President ran in for the mail.

"One—and for me," she said, tearing the envelope across, as she came out. "Walk on. I'll read it, and then catch up." But by the time the group had crossed the square and had started out a second avenue, she came running after, and her cry made them stop.

"Girls,"—and the President's pretty face was pale without question this time,— "it is from Mrs. Burrows's son; and he wants to know where she is, and why she did not come. He says the furniture arrived, and that he went to the train as he promised,"—she was finding the place in the letter,— "and he says—here it is: 'I have been laying off to write ever since to know what is keeping her.' And it is a week to-day since she went!"

"You put her on the train yourself, did n't you, Sidney?" asked the Secretary.

"No," faltered the President. "It was so hot and late that, after buying her ticket and all, she said she could get on the train herself, and I left her waiting."

"Then why did n't she get there?" said the Secretary.

The others gazed at her dumbly.

"She did not want to go, you know," at last ventured the Treasurer's scared voice, timidly.

"Well," from the Secretary, "go on."

"I was thinking maybe she slipped off and went back to the cabin," faltered Cassie.

"Without a stick of furniture or a bite to eat!" The Secretary's tones were tinged with sarcasm.

It was little Jane North who spoke next, and her clear treble tones seemed to carry weight with its earnestness. "We had a cat once,—on the old place before we had to sell,—and she had lived there so long she just refused to stay at the cottage after we moved; and though we watched her, and coaxed her, and kept her from getting away time after time, for all it was so far and she was so old, she slipped off from us one day, and crawled back there, and died."

For one long moment the circle gazed at little Jane, then, moved by a common impulse, turned and ran—out the shaded avenue to the pike, through the Clores' lane, into the Kohlers' big farm gate, across the rolling pasture, up the hill, then down the rocky slope to the creek. And here they paused, heedless even of the bloodroot and yellow poppies and columbine filling the rocky crevices, and gazed across at the miserable little cabin in which poor Mrs. Burrows had so hoped to be allowed to end her days.

It was little Jane who went over first, pausing on the last stepping-stone as if seeking further courage, then starting up the winding path. But on the brow of the hill, almost at the door-step, she was seen to pause, to look toward the woodland on the right, to peer, then to put her hand above her eyes and look again, then break into a run. And when the other girls, following, had reached the top of the hill, it was to see little Jane go over the Virginia rail fence and disappear among the woodland trees.

And when a hurried peep into the cabin revealed nothing of Mrs. Burrows but an old apron stuffed into the broken window, there seemed nothing for the girls to do but follow, wondering, after Jane.

And when they reached the old rail fence, it was to see Jane's blue dress, behind the trees, whisk through the barbed wires of a fence on the other side. And when the circle had crawled through the wire fence into the Clore pasture, it was to see the blue dress going through an opening in the hedge on the south end of the pasture.

Then it dawned on the girls that Jane was going 'cross lots to Jim's, whose cabin was on the Clore place; and such was their faith in Jane, the whole circle broke into a run.

Jane met them at the opening in the hedge. "I saw him picking mushrooms in the woodland pasture—Jim, you know; and he had Mrs. Burrows's Indian basket in his hand. He ran, and, of course, then I knew. She is here; we might have suspected it."

And she was there—Mrs. Burrows, little, withered, old, a deprecating timidity trembling about her toothless mouth. There she

was on Jim's door-step, Ellie Preston's mother's gingham wrapper upon her back, a corn-cob pipe on the step beside her, a dawning look of alarm and terror arising in her eyes.

But Jim stood between her and the advancing circle of King's Daughters, the basket on his arm, half a dozen dogs fawning about his feet.

"The poorer they are," murmured the Secretary, "the greater the number of dogs they seem to be able to keep."

But Jim, unconscious of her words, seeing only that she spoke, took a step forward, wagging his head. "You 've got to pull 'em up



"THE CIRCLE TURNED AND RAN UP THE HILL, THEN DOWN THE ROCKY SLOPE TO THE CREEK."

when they 're saplings," he said, "them beeches yon'er, if you 'low to grow 'em some place else. An' when I seen her settin' on the platform, scared to death like, an' huggin' this here basket tight, 'She 's like a dug-up tree,' says I, 'an' you want to get her back on her hillside quick,' says I; 'or there 'll be mournin' 'fore the week 's out!' An' I did. I 've known you from babies, I have, an' I 've rid 'most all of you on Ol' Jim's back, I have; an' I took up for you Daughters right along, when the Sloanses an' the Smysers an' the Owensens an'

all were ag'in' you, sayin' you was pokin' round an' interferin'. I al'ays told 'em as how you mean well, but is young yet. But I could n't see you do this here. I seen your duty, an' I done it for you—though," and Jim's tones grew plaintive and even injured, "I'm 'most wore out a-doin' it, an' me never fitten for nothin' as long as the spring 's in my bones."

"An' Teddy ain't been a good son to me," quavered Mrs. Burrows; "an' his wife she doan't treat me right. I've lived in this valley seventy years an' more, I have, an' 'peared like 't was killin' me to go. I reckon I'll keep on here with Jim. He's give me his room, an' fixed up the lean-to for himself. He's a heap more like a son to me than ever Teddy was; an' when my rheumatiz is bad he'll look after me, an' when he's sick I'll do for him."

And the King's Daughters bowed their heads in meek assent.

But when Jim overtook them on the road homeward, even the gentle Treasurer turned on him with a reproachful "Well, Jim?"

But Jim was in no whit abashed.

"It's these here mushrooms," he explained cheerfully, bringing forward the basket on his arm. "I thought you all would likeliest know who'd buy 'em. They're the first this year, an' I'd like mighty well to sell 'em."

The President's eyes flashed. "For the benefit of the King's Daughters, I suppose, Jim?"

Jim's great, flat feet shuffled, but his eyes were reproachful as they met the President's gaze.

"It was n't for myself I done it, Miss Sidney," he returned; "nor yet for Mis' Burrows, though it *do* take more to keep two than one, an' she 'bliged to have her little fire night an' mornin', an' her rations reg'lar. I *done it for you Daughters*, seein' it was your duty

plain. I never took but one thing around—the mattress from Miss Cassie, the chair from Miss Annette, an' the strawberries from Miss Alice, an' the comfort from Miss Sidney. 'Each one to do his part,' I heared read out in church is your motter, an' I jus' helped you along to do it. An' I took the wrapper 'cause Mis' Burrows she was frettin' over what you all would say to her if she sp'iled the new dress, an' I reasoned you'd thank me for doin' it. An' the back-door victuals was hers anyhow, havin' been gittin' 'em for years. I studied it out, I did, Miss Sidney—I studied it out the night I was to your house; for I never goes to bed when the mockers sing, nohow. I studied it all out fair."

"But why did n't you come to us and tell us how Mrs. Burrows felt, Jim? You knew we only wanted to do what was right," demanded Sidney.

Jim's head wagged to and fro, and his eyes closed knowingly, then opened as a broad smile spread over his face. "Tell a little, but keep a little more; that's the best way. You were n't seein' it my way then, nor hers neither."

"No," admitted the Treasurer, softly; "we were not."

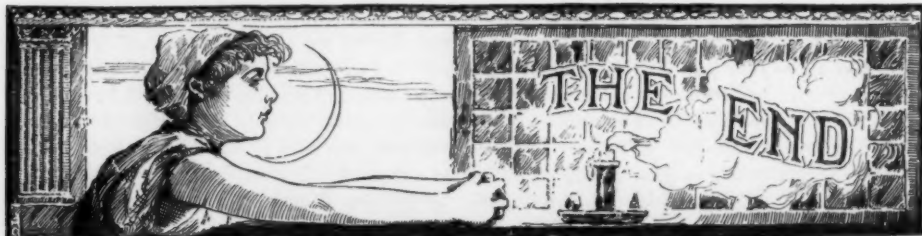
"And if she had pined away and died—" came solemnly from little Jane.

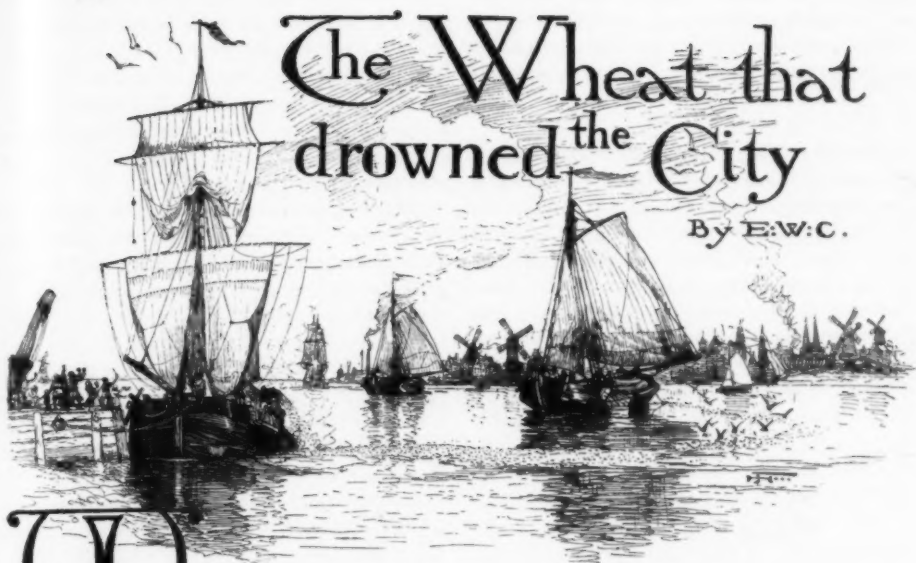
There was a pause.

"We will send for her furniture right away," said the President. "She shall stay if she wishes, Jim. And if there is anything more needed to make her comfortable—"

"Let us know," came from the circle, in a chorus.

And as they parted, each Daughter shook Jim's earth-stained hand, while Alice Cawthorne transferred from his arm to her own the Indian basket of mushrooms.





The Wheat that drowned the City

By E.W.C.

HERE is the boy or the girl who does not know about Holland,—how for centuries the sea has been always trying to swallow it up, but has not succeeded just because of the patience, energy, and determination of the inhabitants, which have been more than a match for him? Now and then he has conquered in spots; but, on the other hand, the Hollanders have not only bidden him defiance, but they have absolutely turned him out of his bed because they wanted it for their own purposes. And now they are getting ready to do it again. They propose to invite him to let them have the bottom of the Zuyder Zee, which is about nine hundred thousand acres. They expect to be some thirty-five years in persuading him to leave, and his compliance will cost them not less than seventy-six million dollars; but they would never undertake such a stupendous enterprise were they not very sure of the benefits to result from it.

The entrance to the Zuyder Zee is between Stavoren and Medemblik, where the gulf is very broad, as the map will show. Here is to be made an enormous dike to keep out the North Sea, of which the Zuyder Zee is a part.

Stavoren is now an isolated village, though it was once a proud city, the oldest on the Friesian coast. The sand-bank that clogs the port is called Vrouwe Zand, or the "Woman's Sand-bank," and the legend accounting for its presence is one of a multitude that cluster about the Zuyder Zee.

Thus runs the tale:

In the olden time the great city of Stavoren stood on the crescent shore of a beautiful bay. Many ships lay on its splendid wharves or went sailing to the ends of the earth for cargoes of all that was most prized and costly in every land. The warehouses of the city were full of treasure, and the streets thronged with busy crowds. The rumble of the loaded wains, the ring of iron-shod hoofs on the stones, the shouts of the drivers, the manifold noise and bustle of a big and thriving city, filled the air from dawn till dark.

Among the rich people who lived splendidly, in grand houses, was the maiden Richberta. Beside her wealth and splendor all other possessions grew dim. No palace could match hers in magnificence. Her ships brought in such gold and gems, such marvelous stuffs, and such rare, strange things from over seas as made her

the envy of all the town. When she rode abroad in her grandeur, all eyes followed her, and she was proud. But her joy was greatest when strangers came to view her possessions, for then she knew the fame of them was spread abroad in the land.

One day a stately, gray-haired man came to her door and asked to behold her treasures. She gave him a gracious welcome, and caused her most rare and wonderful things to be spread before him. His strange Eastern dress and a certain air of mystery about him fascinated her, and she eagerly watched him as he calmly viewed the display she made, expecting from him looks and words of astonishment and delight. But none came. His countenance remained unmoved, and he made no comment. Then, in anger, Richberta exclaimed:

"Why are you silent, old man? Saw you ever the like of this before?"

"No, lady," he answered gently, "not even in kings' palaces, and I have known them in all countries. Only one thing is lacking, and that is the best of all."

"And what is that good thing which I have not?" she demanded in a rage.

But the strange man only shook his head, and would not tell, but went his solitary way.

Then Richberta's wrath knew no bounds. All her pleasure in her possessions was gone because of the one thing, best of all, that she had not. Nobody could think what it could be, though she and her wisest servants thought about it day and night. She sent her fastest ships to hunt the great world through to find this one treasure. Miserable and impatient, she awaited their return; but when they came they brought her only bitter disappointment. The thing that was best of all remained undiscovered.

At last, one of these vessels sprang a leak in mid-ocean, and all the flour on board was spoiled. Meat, wine, and much besides remained, but there was no bread; and so dreadful did the lack of it at last become that one day the captain cried with sudden joy: "Bread is that one good thing in all the earth of which the old man spoke!"

So he sailed straight away to a Baltic town, and took in a cargo of the finest wheat. Then

was he proud and happy. And when he at last cast anchor in the great bay of Stavoren he said: "Now will the heart of my mistress be joyful once more"; and he hurried to her presence with the good news. But when he had told it, Richberta, instead of giving him the praise he expected, was terribly wroth. She stamped her foot and cried:

"Fool, thou dost but mock me! Bread, indeed! On which side of thy ship didst thou take on thy dolt's cargo?" And when he told her, she cried again: "Over the other side of it fling every kernel into the sea!"

"Never!" shouted the captain, in a voice of thunder, forgetting in his sudden wrath and amazement that he spoke to the maiden Richberta. But the next moment he restrained himself, and said humbly: "Forgive me, lady. But surely thou dost but jest with me."

A fierce light came into Richberta's eyes, and the darkness of her countenance made even the bold captain to tremble.

"Slave!—away and do my bidding, or thou thyself shalt be flung into the sea!"

And he did as she ordered him.

Then, when the poor of the city heard what was to be done, they knelt to the proud maiden Richberta and prayed, with the tears falling from their eyes, that the precious wheat should be divided among them; but in vain. Richberta drove them away with anger and scorn; and they went, weeping and cursing, to the wharf, and saw the grain flung over the ship's side into the harbor.

Now, after many days a strange thing came to pass. Along the shore, and far out into the bay, appeared a multitude of green blades; and presently the wondering people cried: "It is the wheat!"

Because of Richberta's wicked deed, the wasted seed, meant for a blessing, had been turned into a curse. Mud and sand began to lodge in the myriad blades of this strange growth. Little by little a huge bar was formed, so the ships of Stavoren could no longer sail back and forth over the once splendid bay. Slowly the commerce and the wealth of the great city melted away. Slowly the proud Richberta sank into poverty. And the wheat

grew green and strong, while into every nook and cranny slowly sifted the clogging mud and sand.

Then, at last, a yet more cruel misfortune overtook Stavoren. The outlet for the sea became almost closed. And when, one day, a dreadful storm arose, the terror-stricken people saw the water come bursting through the dikes that kept the town from being submerged. They fought the flood as only Hollanders can fight such an enemy; but this was one of those rare times when they were helpless. Their frantic efforts went for nothing. The city was

drowned. All was lost. Richberta had builded Stavoren's tomb. And to this day remains the *Vrouwe Zand*, or "Woman's Sand-bank," formed by the wasted wheat; and the bay is the *Zuyder Zee*.

The legend does not tell what it was the strange old man missed among Richberta's treasures. May it not have been the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit that the Bible tells us is, in God's sight, of priceless value? Had that been one of the rich lady's possessions, the beautiful and prosperous city of Stavoren would not have been destroyed.



WHEN THE OLD TOYS WERE YOUNG.

BY KATHARINE PYLE.

How sad it is when toys grow old and worn!
Pushed back upon the shelf they lie forlorn.

Among themselves they often talk, and say:
"Oh, dear, what pleasant games we used to play!

"And do you recollect that day we went
Out on the porch?—the day the sheep
got bent?

"And then that plaster cat—it was so gay!
It squeaked and grinned in such a lively way.

"Poor thing! poor thing! how little then it
knew

That very soon it would be broken,
too!"

And so the old toys talk, and all the
while

The new toys, listening, at each other
smile.

Some day, unless they break, they 'll find,
no doubt,

How sad it is for toys to be worn out.

BRIGHT SIDES OF HISTORY.

By E. H. HOUSE.

[This story was begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER IX.

THE "RISING SUN" OF ASIA.



UNTIL the Japanese were forced to become hermits," continued Uncle Claxton, after the miniature ship had been set up for inspection, "many of them went about trading or seeking adventures in half the ports of Asia. They visited India, planted colonies in Siam, Formosa, and islands which later belonged to Spain, and even undertook voyages to America and Europe. In fact, one of their great daimios thought it would be a capital scheme to capture the nations of the West all in a lump, and offer them as a present to his feudal master, the shogun. I must tell you that story, for it will give you a good idea of the boldness and ambition which have always distinguished the race. It happened nearly three hundred years ago, but the national spirit is just as daring to-day as it was then. The very first Japanese who went to Europe set out in the latter part of the sixteenth century. They were sent by Christian rulers of southern provinces, and their expedition was a sort of religious pilgrimage. But the tales they brought home excited the imagination of a powerful northern noble, who knew very little about Western kingdoms, except that they existed and could be reached by a long ocean voyage. To this lord of Sendai it seemed that the desirable thing to do with the far-away lands was to conquer and annex them. So he had ships built for a small party of pioneers, whom he started across the Pacific to Acapulco, in Mexico, from which place they marched over to Vera Cruz, and thence embarked again for Portugal. After a short stay in that

country and in Spain, they proceeded to Rome, where they were received with high honors, one of their leaders being made a senator. They did not mention that they were the advance-guard of an army of invasion,—they were much too polite for that,—and no one had the faintest idea of what their real errand was. After a long inspection they returned to Japan and made their report; but by this time the shogun had quite decided to have nothing more to do with the outside world, and so the enterprising nobleman had to give up his idea, and let the kingdoms of Europe and the colonies of America go on governing themselves, as before."

"Now, uncle, this time you are surely not in earnest," said Percy.

"Well, of course I don't pretend to say that the Japanese *would* have captured the earth, and it may be that the visitors to Europe suspected, from all they saw, that their master had laid out too extensive a plan of campaign. There is no evidence to make that point clear. It is perfectly true, however, that the intrepid daimio of Sendai hoped to be encouraged in his belief that the rest of the globe could be fastened to Japan like the tail to a kite, and that he urged his project seriously upon the highest authorities at Yedo. No doubt it was as well for him that the central government put a stop to deep-sea navigation. Otherwise his dream might have turned out a dreadful nightmare, and his daring flight have ended like that of Icarus. He did not seem to think that other people could fit out warlike fleets as well as his countrymen, and he probably never heard that ships and sailors were known in Europe before the empire of Japan began to exist."

"Who were the very first sailors, uncle?" asked Percy.

And at almost the same moment Amy put the question: "Uncle, who was Icarus?"



"ICARUS SOARED SO HIGH THAT THE WAX ON HIS WINGS WAS MELTED BY THE SUN, AND HE FELL INTO THE SEA." (SEE PAGE 382.)

"I ought not to have alluded to him, Amy. His name jumped out by accident. But it happens that I can partly satisfy both of you with one answer; so you shall have it. As to the first sailors no one can speak with certainty. Floating vessels were in use before the period

of authentic history. The traditions, if not the actual records, of China and Egypt allow us to believe that they were known at least thirty centuries before the Christian era. But I suppose we may say, strictly, that there were no sailors until sails were invented, which must have been much later, probably twelve or fourteen hundred years before Christ. That, at any rate, is about the time fixed by the Grecian chroniclers for the first appearance of sailing-ships. We have to depend upon legends for information concerning those remote ages, and the legends are so mixed up with fables that it is hard to be sure of anything. We are told that in Athens there lived a mechanical genius named Dædalus, who not only gave people their first ideas of labor-saving tools, but also amused them by making statues that moved like human beings. He was a welcome guest at many courts, but was not always prudent enough to retain the friendship of the rulers.

"For displeasing the King of Crete he was confined, with his son Icarus, in the famous Cretan labyrinth, which had been built from his own plans. Dædalus was not the man to pine long in captivity. He set his wits to work, and presently fitted himself and Icarus with a pair of wings each, made of feathers stuck together with wax, and worked by wires. With the aid of these the prisoners started to fly across the Mediterranean. The father kept near the surface of the water, and reached the coast of Asia Minor safe and free; but the son was more aspiring, and soared so high that the wax was melted by the sun, and he fell into the sea and was drowned. That particular piece of water was afterward called the Icarian Sea, and the flight of Icarus has served ever since to illustrate the danger of reckless ambition. That much is for you, Amy, and the rest is for Percy. The real foundation of the fable is believed to be that Dædalus was the inventor of sails, which he kept hidden in a boat till he had rowed far from the shore, and which, when he hoisted them, were mistaken for wings. According to this, he and his son were the first genuine sailors, and the younger man lost his life on a trial trip."

"Twelve hundred years before Christ?" said Percy. "That was more than three thousand

years ago. Too old a story to be trusted, I suppose?"

"All the ancient myths," replied his uncle, "seem to have had some basis in fact, but how much we can only guess. Let us get back to Japan, where we are on more solid ground. We could never have run away from it, indeed, if we had lived there in the age I was telling you about. The shogun who reigned at the beginning of the seventeenth century was so determined to keep his people from straying abroad that he forbade them to build any ships large enough, or seaworthy enough, to go safely out of sight of land; and this law was rigidly enforced for two hundred and fifty years. But now they are making up for lost time with a rush. They have a fine navy, which they manage admirably, and lines of steamers trading to all parts of the world. This latest lot of curios was brought to America by one of their merchant vessels, as the inscription printed on the box will prove to you."

"If we could only read Chinese," said Harry. "Is n't it strange, uncle, that the Japanese, who are so proud and independent, should not have a language all their own?"

"What do you mean, Harry?" asked Uncle Claxton, with some surprise.

"Why," Harry answered, "this writing is Chinese, is n't it?"

"Dear me! Did you really take the Japanese and Chinese languages to be the same? Perhaps all of you have that idea."

Those who had thought about the matter at all admitted that it had seemed so to them.

"They look exactly alike," argued Harry.

"Tell me, my boy, would you say that English and French are the same?"

"Of course not, uncle."

"Or Italian and Spanish and Portuguese? But I need not ask you. Yet the letters used in all these countries are identical, and they are gradually making their way in Germany. The Japanese adopted Chinese characters nearly fifteen hundred years ago; but their speech is wholly their own, and has no close resemblance to that of any other race that we know of. The Chinese writing may serve for any language, or for all languages. It is sym-

bolic — by which I mean that it represents ideas and objects, not sounds. Every Chinese character was originally a picture. Let me show you how the sign for 'mountain' grew into its present shape."

Uncle Claxton drew two figures on a piece of paper, thus:



"The first of these," he continued, "is just such a simple outline of a mountain as a child would make. For many ages it satisfied the Chinese, but in time they began to change it, and finally settled upon the second character. All their written words started as rough likenesses of things, and, in spite of frequent alterations, the earliest design can always be traced by scholars. Being mere signs, you can understand that they might be applied to English or French as well as to Japanese. A picture of a hill, or a river, or a tree, would have the same meaning in an American book as in a Chinese. But picture-writing would not do for us at all, and I don't think the Japanese will hold to it forever."

"If I were one of them," said Harry, "I would not like to owe even so little as that to such a country as China."

"When they copied the characters," Uncle Claxton explained, "they were as much behind China in civilization as they are ahead of her now. And at any time it is good for a nation to take advantage of useful examples. By doing just this the Japanese have pushed themselves ahead wonderfully in the last twenty or thirty years. They have taken in everything that they thought would help their progress, and thrown off as many hindrances as they could. All the means of material advancement have been turned to account, with results which justify a good part of their claim to fellowship with the foremost nations of Europe and America; and they will never be satisfied until that claim is admitted by the whole world."

"Has n't it been said," Amy asked, "that they follow us too readily in some ways—in dressing like us, for example, when their own costume suits them so much better?"

"They have a motive in doing that," answered Uncle Claxton. "They wish to show, by every possible means, how ready they are to

fall in with Western ideas and usages. The Chinese, on the contrary, cling to their costume for the reason that it helps to keep them apart from us as a race. It is true that several new things have been adopted by Japan not because they are the best of their kind, but because they belong to our general system. Twenty-five years ago the rulers suddenly abolished the Asiatic calendar, and decreed that the years and months should be reckoned according to our method, which is very far from a perfect one. A logical, scientific calendar might have been invented, but that would not have served their purpose. What they wanted was to make their measurements of time conform to those of the West. On the same principle they will sooner or later drop their style of writing, and take up ours. The Roman letters do not exactly fit all the sounds of their speech, but that is a difficulty which other nations have overcome the best way they could, and the Japanese cannot expect to have everything made smooth for them. The English had the same trouble, and to a much greater extent, when they introduced the Latin alphabet, for they found that some of their commonest sounds could not be represented by any of its letters—for instance, the hard and soft sounds which are now indicated by *th*. Their own old Saxon alphabet contained special characters for each of these; but they decided to abandon it and accommodate themselves to a set of signs which, though obviously defective, would give them uniformity with the majority of European nations. They got what they desired, but not without inflicting upon themselves and their descendants the most irrational and illogical system of spelling that ever encumbered a language. The Japanese have likewise an independent method of writing, called 'kana,' which has nothing to do with Chinese, and which many of their friends consider the most convenient and practical in existence. It is phonetic—that is to say, it represents sounds, like stenography, and each of its characters stands for a syllable. Any one can learn it in a day or two, and it may be written by nimble fingers almost as rapidly as one can talk. The Chinese symbols, on the other hand, can be mastered only by years and

years of study, and are far too complicated for anything like speed. Yet the Japanese despise their neat and compact little kana, and refuse to cultivate it at all. When they annex the Roman letters they will be a step nearer to

capture than all the continents of Europe and America. I wish they would think of nothing but peaceful acquisitions for the next fifty years. That is their true way to become great, if they could only believe it."



"'SINCE YOU WILL NOT CALL ON CRUISER,' SAID RAREY, 'CRUISER HAS COME TO CALL ON YOU.'" (SEE PAGE 385.)

the leading nations of the earth, and that is what they are always aiming at."

"Then they will get something from Rome, after all," said Percy.

"So they will; and an alphabet is easier to

"Without trying flights of Icarus," said Amy, smiling.

"Precisely, my dear. But you will remember it was only the younger man who soared too high and came to grief. The father knew

how to be prudent as well as bold. So long as mature experience controls the government of Japan, we may hope that the spirit of *Dædalus*, and not that of his son, will preside over the national flights, and insure a safe ending."

"If you go back to Japan, uncle," said little Dick, "will you take us all with you?"

"Ah, Dicky, you must grow a good bit bigger before you begin traveling to such distances as that! The proper journey for you just now is from Dorchester to Boston. It is getting late, and they will be expecting you at home. But it shall not be long before I have you out here again. That is a promise not for you alone, but for everybody."

CHAPTER X.

THE STEED OF ALEXANDER.

THE end of June was approaching, and the holidays were near at hand, when Uncle Claxton called upon his sister to inquire if the children could join him in an afternoon raid upon his large cherry orchard, many of the finest trees in which were already bearing fruit abundantly.

"They would be overjoyed," Mrs. Carey assured him, "but Percy and Harry have their lesson at the riding-school to-day, and cannot get away before half-past two."

"Why not let them ride out to my place straight from the school?" Uncle Claxton proposed. "They will be early enough, and I can take the girls and Dicky now, if you are willing."

There was no objection, and a few hours later four of the party stood at a window of the Dorchester house, looking out for the two older boys, who did not appear until a long while after they were expected. Every one was wondering at the delay, when they were at last seen cantering briskly up the avenue.

"What has kept you so long?" asked their uncle, as they entered the parlor.

"Our teacher offered," said Percy, "to show us how he could tame an unruly horse in fifteen minutes. We thought we could make up the time by riding fast."

"And was the exhibition he gave worth waiting for?" asked Uncle Claxton.

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"Indeed it was! I never saw anything more plucky. The horse was dragged into the ring by four hostlers, and it was all they could do to hold him. They called him 'Mad Anthony,' and in fact he was perfectly savage. But Mr. Haydon—that's our teacher—walked straight up to him, and, before we knew how it was managed, pulled up one of the fore legs, bent it nearly double, and fastened it in that position with a leather strap. That seemed to be all that was necessary. Mad Anthony allowed anything to be done to him after that. Mr. Haydon threw him down on the tan-bark and took off the strap; and when the creature got up again he was as mild as a lamb."

"Let us try it with 'Reefer,'" exclaimed Dicky. Reefer was one of Uncle Claxton's dogs—a big Newfoundland.

"But Reefer is the best-tempered dog in the world," Amy objected. "He does n't need to be tamed."

"Then I'll try it with 'Spotty,' when I go home," said Dick—at which everybody was delighted, for Spotty was an old rocking-horse in the garret.

"Did you ever hear of anything like it, uncle?" asked Harry.

"Oh, yes; I knew Rarey very well."

"Rarey? Who was he?"

"The remarkable American horse-tamer who had a great name in England nearly forty years ago. He certainly did extraordinary things. I happened to have rooms in the same house with him, in London, when he was taming 'Cruiser.' Our lodging-house was kept by a nice old lady named Zanche—an Englishwoman with a Greek husband. We all liked her very much, and Rarey wanted her to visit the stables with him and be introduced to his reformed pupils; but she was afraid. One day, when she was sitting in her parlor, she heard a queer noise in the hall, and before she could look out to see what it was, the door opened, and Rarey rode in on his subjugated steed. 'Since you will not call on Cruiser, Mrs. Zanche,' he said, 'Cruiser has come to call on you.' The good lady was scared enough at first, but her four-footed visitor was on his best behavior, and went through a few tricks which Rarey had taught him, in the most affable man-

ner. Mrs. Zanche was charmed, and considered herself highly complimented, for the conquered race-horse was a distinguished personage to entertain in those days."

"I am glad Rarey was an American," said Harry. "I hope he never failed."

"He never did, so far as I know," answered Uncle Claxton, "not even when he went beyond his line and undertook to train the zebra of the Zoölogical Gardens. That was a bit of fancy work, to show what he could do at his best. He told me the zebra was the most violent beast he ever had in hand. It used to roll over with Rarey on its back—turn somersaults, the tamer insisted. But the hot African blood cooled down under Yankee discipline, and Rarey had the striped courser drawing a buggy in Hyde Park many and many a time."

"And his secret was nothing but a leather strap!" exclaimed Percy.

"With the knowledge of what to do with it," added Uncle Claxton.

"And with patience and kindness," added Amy.

"Right, Amy. But there was no secret about that part of his system. It has been known ever since horses existed. The trainers of antiquity were as well aware as we are that gentle treatment is absolutely essential to success. Alexander, who was great in so many things, gave a remarkable proof of how well he understood this fact."

"Alexander who?" asked Harry.

"My dear Harry, you surprise me. Don't you know that Alexander of Macedon, the ruler of the ancient world, was renowned as a horse-breaker before he set out to win battles?"

"No, uncle; I don't think any of us knew. But if you will tell us about it, I will promise not to forget."

"Very good. It is n't a long story, and it ought to please you. First of all, you must bear in mind that fine horses were always properly admired at the court of Macedonia. King Philip, Alexander's father, was ready at any time to pay the highest prices for first-class specimens, and dealers were constantly bringing the choicest animals from all parts for his approval. Among these came a Thessalian

named Philonicus, with a young steed for which he asked a sum equal to nearly thirteen thousand dollars of our money. Some writers say he demanded between fifteen and sixteen thousand, which, considering the difference in the value of money then and now, is not very far from what our modern millionaires give for the fastest trotters. Philonicus called the horse 'Bucephalus,' which means 'bull-headed,' because his head really was shaped somewhat like a bull's. He had the temper of a bull, too—and a mad bull at that. When he was brought before Philip it was impossible to restrain his violence; the attendants did not dare to mount him; and the king angrily ordered the dealer to take the beast out of his sight. Alexander, who was then only fifteen years old, but who had made horses his play-mates all his life, objected to this hasty decision. Without speaking to any one in particular, he said, so that his father could overhear, that a great prize would be lost if this steed were sent away just because none of the grooms had spirit or skill enough to manage him. As the king paid no attention, Alexander repeated his protest more loudly, and showed so much impatience that Philip rebuked him, asking if he thought he knew more than his elders, or imagined he could control a brute which the most experienced riders did not venture to approach. Without a moment's hesitation, Alexander replied that he would undertake, on the spot, to make Bucephalus obey him; but the king would not allow him to try unless he consented to pay a forfeit in case he failed. Alexander was quite ready for this, and said he would willingly lose the price of the horse if he did not succeed—which was rather a rash pledge, as he probably had no such sum in his possession. His father, however, now began to notice how much in earnest the prince was, and as he had already learned to put faith in Alexander's intelligence and judgment, he agreed to stand by him in the enterprise."

"Alexander was no older than I am," said Percy.

"True; he may have been even younger. And I want you to hear what a close observer he was, notwithstanding his youth. If he mastered Bucephalus, it was not only by skill and

strength, but because he had noticed something which all the rest of the company overlooked. The horse was certainly wild and fiery enough to intimidate most riders; but his temper alone would not have made him so unmanageable on that particular day. He had been placed with his back to the sun, so that his own shadow fell before him on the ground; and as he plunged and pranced about, the dark image also moved beneath his eyes and alarmed him greatly. The more he tried to get away from it, the more it terrified him. Alexander's first action was to turn him around, and as soon as the shadow disappeared Bucephalus was in a better mood for listening to reason. For a few minutes the prince did nothing but talk pleasantly to him and stroke his head. At length he sprang lightly up, and fixed himself firmly upon the bare back. Continuing to speak kindly, and avoiding all harshness and severity, he soon won the animal's confidence, and after riding a considerable distance in various directions, he turned and galloped back at full speed, proud of his exploit, and happy in having discovered the noblest war-horse in the land."

"Of course the king bought him," said Percy.

"He bought him for Alexander, and for nearly twenty years the great conqueror and Bucephalus were constant companions. Some historians say that although the horse willingly consented to serve the prince, he would submit to no other authority, and even refused to be mounted by any one else. They say, also, that he learned to kneel down when his master wished to ride. If he had been a human being, Alexander could hardly have loved him more dearly. Through most of the Asiatic campaigns Bucephalus was the monarch's chosen steed. In his first battle with the Persians, however, at the river Granicus, he rode another, which was killed under him; and it may have been this circumstance that led him afterward to take precautions for the safety of his favorite. As Bucephalus grew old his work was made lighter; but as long as he lived, he was always called for at the close of a fight, when the final charge was ordered. It pleased Alexander to strike the decisive blow on the

back of his tried comrade. Once Bucephalus was captured by a party of marauders in Hyrcania, and the king sent a messenger to tell the robbers that if they did not immediately give him up, they should all be put to death, with their wives and children. They made haste to obey, and Alexander was so delighted at getting his horse again that, instead of punishing the bandits, he caused to be given to them a large sum of money, calling it a ransom."

"That *was* an honor!" said Amy.

"Yes, and a greater one was yet to come. Alexander's army marched into India, and a battle was fought on the banks of the river Hydaspes, in which Bucephalus carried his sovereignty for the last time. There are different accounts of the manner in which the faithful animal came to an end. One is that he received a fatal wound at a moment when the king was in great danger, but succeeded in bearing his rider to a place of safety, after which he fell dead. Another tells us that, though he was injured in several places, he did not die at once, but was kept alive for some months by the care of physicians. A third makes no mention of wounds, but says the death was due to extreme old age. However this may have been, it is certain that a noble tribute was paid to his memory. To keep his name and fame from being forgotten, Alexander built a city which he called Bucephala, near the spot where the famous charger died. I suppose no other horse was ever honored with such a monument as that."

"Perhaps, uncle," said Amy, "none ever deserved it."

"Well, my dear, let us hope his merit was equal to the reward. At any rate, since Alexander had made himself powerful enough to create cities wherever he went, he certainly had the right to please himself in naming them. If the glorification of his dumb friend and servant seems extravagant to us, we can at least say that it showed a kindly and generous spirit. But come; we must dismount from Bucephalus and get up among the cherries, or you will have reason to complain that I brought you out here on false pretenses. Come children."

(To be continued.)



"GOOD-BY, SWEETHEART!"
(From a water-color by F. S. Church, owned by W. T. Evans.)

THE BEST GAME WE PLAY.

BY ANNIE C. STEELE.

THERE 's nothing wonderful or grand in our
back yard at all—
Just grass and trees and tall sweet peas, that
grow along the wall;
And yet we have the finest times and play
the greatest plays
Right in our yard! Why, now and then the
game will last for days!



Sometimes we have a circus there. For tents
we have the
trees,

With cages of wild
animals; I fear
you 'd laugh
at these,



But Bruno makes a lovely lion—our tigers
are just cats.

The girls all bring their dollies out, and sit
around on mats.

Charlie and John and Will and I wild horses
like to be;

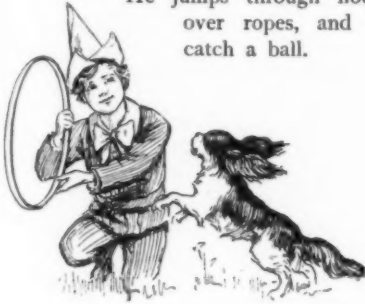
And how we run and prance and kick! I
just wish you could see.

We mark a ring out on the grass, and Bob 's
the finest clown,

While Jim, as master, cracks his whip and
drives us up and down.

Then, in the swing we boys all do the best
tricks that we can;
And Will and Charlie "wrestle," and Bob
plays the "strongest man";
And Tim, our little spaniel, is the funniest
of all:

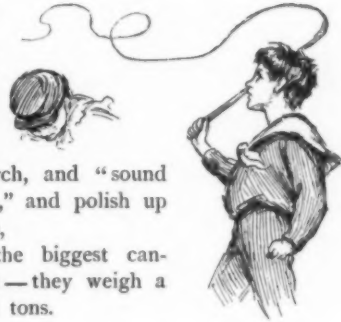
He jumps through hoops and
over ropes, and tries to
catch a ball.



But lately we play soldier most, and have
a dandy camp;

We boys just
begged to
sleep in it,
but mama
said 't was
"damp."

We drill,
and march, and "sound
the calls," and polish up
our guns,
And shoot the biggest can-
non-balls—they weigh a
thousand tons.



Sometimes we play our yard 's a park, and
take pins at the gate;
And sometimes it 's a "forest dark," where
bears and Indians wait
To catch the hunters fearless, who boldly
wander there
In search of grisly giants and enchanted
castles fair.

We sometimes play the grass is sea, where
whales and fishes float;
The garden bench turned upside down makes
just a lovely boat.
We safely row or sail and sing, though awful
storms arise,

And mermaids try to steal our
hats before our very eyes.



The girls just love to watch us march and
fix our tents each day;

I truly think this "soldier game" is best of
all our play.

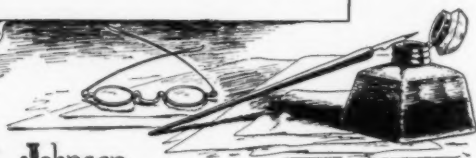




A PIECE OF NEWS.

By

Margaret Johnson.



I DIPPED my pen into the ink, then looked
to see the date,
And looked again—and wondered if my
spectacles were straight.
What, spring already here? The sky was
gray, the meadows bare,
And even now a chilly whirl of snowflakes
filled the air.
'T was winter from my window; yet the
calendar declared
That spring had come. I rubbed my eyes
and at the letters stared.
“Well, well,” I said, “if this be so,—and 't is,
or I 'm a dunce,—
My little friends, the birds and flowers, must
know of it at once!
They will be taken unaware, sweet, unsus-
pecting things—
Unless some wise, obliging friend the mes-
sage to them brings.
I 'll leave my letter, lay aside my study for
a while,
And go and break the news to them” (a
patronizing smile

Upon my lips). “How pleased,” I said,
“and how surprised they 'll be!”
And buttoning close my overcoat, I sallied
forth in glee.

Now scarce a dozen yards I went, with
pleasant haste aglow,
Before I stopped, astonished, and retraced
my steps. For, lo,
Quite unconcerned and gay, though dark the
sky above it gloomed,
With lifted face, beside my path, a dande-
lion bloomed.
Before my dazzled eyes there flashed a vivid
gleam of blue,
As, sprinkling all the air with song, a blue-
bird by me flew.
Close by the wall, where warm and still the
sun had lain each day,
A million tiny blades of green were push-
ing through the clay.
The brook had found its voice again, and
all along the road

Went murmuring broken syllables of music
as it flowed.

A crocus showed its purple, and the willow
boughs were blurred

With mist of buds against the sky; and all
the air was stirred

With fairy laughter, as, abashed, I
turned and hurried back.

What need of me, old wise-
acre, and of my almanac?

Away with calculations wise, with calendar
and book!

None such had they — the willow
bough, the blossom, and the
brook.

I thought to tell them spring had come,
and winter was no more.

I might have spared myself
the pains — they knew
it all before!



LESSONS IN PHYSICS.



Heat
Expands



COLD
CONTRACTS



DOROTHEA PUTS THE ROOM IN ORDER.

BY JULIA DARROW COWLES.



"HY, why!" exclaimed Mrs. Stanton, as she stopped at the hall door and looked beyond her in dismay. "Dorothea, look at this room."

"Yes, 'm," Dorothea answered, looking in very much against her will.

"What have you been doing to make such a confusion as this?"

Dorothea did not answer. She was just beginning to realize how dreadful the room did look.

"You may put it in order, Dorothea," her mother said, and went on upstairs to her room.

Dorothea sat down in despair. No wonder mama had asked what she had been doing! The chairs were turned over to make houses for her dolls; papa's big waste-basket stood in the middle of the floor, where she had been sitting while she tore the papers into bits and threw them in handfuls on the carpet, because she was playing it was Christmas, and a Christmas was not half so nice without snow on the ground. Then, her doll's trunk had tipped over when she jumped to save Mirabel's beautiful flaxen hair from pussy's mischievous claws, and she had forgotten to replace the hats, shoes, and clothing which had gone in a dozen directions.

No wonder Dorothea was in despair when she was left all alone to put the room in order.

As she sat looking about her a funny expression crept into her eyes, and the corners of her mouth began to curve upward.

Then she went quietly to the front door and opened it.

Benny, her younger brother, and little Evelyn Ross were playing on the door-step with a train of cars and some pebbles.

"Children," exclaimed Dorothea, in a most enticing tone, "I've been having the nicest time! Don't you want to come and play with me?"

The invitation sounded attractive, and they decided to accept it.

"Now," said Dorothea, when they were in the room which she had been left to put in order, "we will play that summer is coming, and we are going off on a trip to the sea-shore. Winter has n't quite gone; there is some snow on the ground yet, and we can't start till it is all gone."

Benny and Evelyn stood with expectant faces, waiting to hear what they were to do.

"Now, Benny," Dorothea continued, "you may be the south wind, and Evelyn, you may be a sunbeam, and together you must make the snow all disappear as quickly as you can."

Benny and Evelyn went to work at once, and the tiny pieces of paper were soon falling in fluttering showers into the big basket, which must have represented the ocean.

Dorothea sat contentedly watching the work and occasionally encouraging the South Wind and the Sunbeam by chanting,

"The snow is melting, melting,"

to a soft little refrain.

You would n't have dreamed, to see her, that she was deliberately imposing upon the two smaller children hopping about before her.

Presently the last snowflake disappeared from sight, and Dorothea at once clapped her hands, and, jumping to her feet, exclaimed: "Now we can get ready for our journey. The first thing will be to pack our trunk. Remember that it must be carefully done," she added, as hats, shoes, and dresses began flying at the open trunk, "or the clothes will not be fit to wear when we get there."

There was a little more of an attempt at

order after that, but when the lid of the trunk was strapped in place, Dorothea still felt some misgivings as to the condition in which she

"We must have a long train," Dorothea said energetically, waving her hand toward the remaining chairs; and again the two small



"‘YOU MAY PUT THE ROOM IN ORDER, DOROTHEA,’ HER MOTHER SAID.”

would find Mirabel's wardrobe when the trunk was opened again.

"Now we will go to the cars," she said, tipping up a chair, which she thought would prove too heavy for Benny or Evelyn, and sitting down in it.

The children each placed a chair in a row behind hers and sat down, too.

people went to work righting the other chairs and placing them in line.

Then Dorothea allowed Benny to be engineer and Evelyn conductor for two or three minutes, during which the children imitated the sounds of an engine, after which she announced that they had reached the sea-shore.

They all jumped down from the train then,



"DOROTHEA HID HER EYES AND CRIED."

and Benny started to run outdoors to see the ocean; but Dorothea called him back.

"We must go to the hotel first, and see to our baggage," she ordered.

"Oh, yes," the children answered. So they carried the trunk to the hall, and then, by moving the chairs back into their places, transformed the railroad into the hotel parlor.

"Now we are ready for the sea-shore!" Dorothea exclaimed gaily, looking about the neatly arranged room with a triumphant glance. She felt that she had managed the affair cleverly, and was in a mood to be very gracious to the children.

"I think Cook intended making some jolly-boys this morning, and I will see if I can get some for a picnic lunch upon the beach," she said. "You wait till I come back." Then she departed in the direction of the kitchen.

She had to wait a few minutes for Cook, but then she returned, carrying her plate carefully, and looking fairly radiant.

She stepped to the door and began to say, "Now, children,"—and then she set the jolly-boys down very hard indeed.

"Why, children!" she began again, and that was all that she could say; for the room before her was as disorderly as it had been when mama looked into it nearly an hour ago.

Benny and Evelyn saw her look of dismay, and Benny explained: "Why, Dorothea, when you were gone, the most *dread-ful* thing happened; there was a real tornado, and it blew the hotel down, and scattered all the trunks and furniture—and we are the only survivors!" and Benny finished with a struggle over the long word, but with a proud sense of being able to make up almost as good plays as Dorothea herself.

But Dorothea was not proud of her brother at just that moment; she was so dreadfully disappointed that, in spite of the presence of the younger children, she hid her eyes and cried.

Benny and Evelyn watched her for a few

moments; then Evelyn's lip began to quiver, and Benny saw it, and then they both began to cry, too. I don't know why they cried: perhaps it was because their play had not proved such a success as they had expected; perhaps it was because the jolly-boys were out in the hall all alone. At any rate, mama heard the noise, and came downstairs to see what it was all about.

"Why, why—what is the matter here?" she said; and then, as she noticed the condition of the room, she gave Dorothea a reproachful look, and waited for an explanation.

"I had it all picked up once," Dorothea began, between her sobs,—“that is, the children did,” she added, feeling an uncomfortable prick of conscience over her first statement, “and then they tumbled it all up again.”

Mama still continued to look reproachful, and somehow that look in mama's eyes made the whole affair seem different to Dorothea.

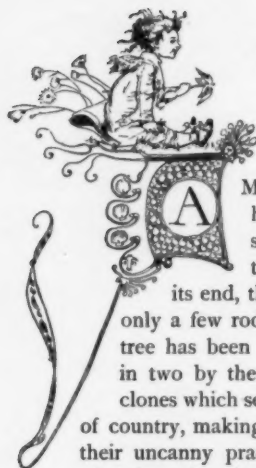
"I guess," she continued, stopping her sobs and beginning to dry her tears, “that I was n't doing the Golden Rule very hard; but I 'll put it all in order now, mama; truly I will.”

"Oh, we 'd just as lief help as not," announced Benny and Evelyn, following Dorothea's example and drying their tears; and in a very few moments the room was put in order once more.

"There," said Dorothea, as she righted the last chair; “now we 'll go out on the beach and have our picnic lunch.” And when mama looked out the window, the three children, with red eyes but smiling faces, sat in a circle around the empty plate which had held the jolly-boys.



THE ANIMALS HAVE A CIRCUS OF THEIR OWN.



THE TAMING OF LITTLE PLEASANT.

BY MARY TRACY EARLE.

AMONG the wooded hills in which a low southwestern mountain-range comes to its end, there are many tracks only a few rods wide, where every tree has been uprooted or twisted in two by the passage of the cyclones which seem to haunt that bit of country, making it a playground for their uncanny practical jokes. Many of the people who live there have sad cause to remember what they have seen or felt; and if you were to say to them that in this story of "Little Pleasant" the cyclone seems to take too timely a part, as if it were a stage-property ready at cue, they would simply repeat the story to you in greater detail.

Little Pleasant lay beside the cabin kicking the dry, trampled door-yard into dust with his practised toes. The great undulating country swept out before him from green to blue through a rift in the trees that were climbing on all sides toward the clearing, and at the bottom of the rift there was the gleam of a river running swiftly, with the courage it had gained on the hills; but the thing which held Little Pleasant's mind was the fact that Aunt Lindy said he should have been named "Little Ugly."

"I *are* a pleasant child," he screamed. "I *had n't* ought to have been called '*Little Ugly*!' I ain't sp'iled, an' folks sha'n't naggle me. I'll go for my paw if folks naggle me; an' nobody shall tech me! Nobody shall tech me! Nobody shall tech me!"

A passing gust of wind tore off some lilac leaves and threw them lightly on his active bare legs. "Leave me alone!" he shouted, kicking furiously. "I won't have none of your old leaves! I'll learn you to naggle me!"

He sprang up, and tore a great branch from the lilac, and began beating it on the ground.

His Aunt Lindy rushed out of the cabin with her eyes afire and her lips close locked.

"You Pleasant Rendleman," she cried, grabbing first at the boy and then at the branch, "I'll learn you to break my laylocks! All that you break I'll wear out on you. I'll learn you what your pappy and mammy is skeered to!"

They jumped back and forth round the lilac-bush like children playing tag. The woman's face grew very white, and the perspiration stood on it, but she could not catch Little Pleasant, and while Little Pleasant jumped he screamed.

"Well, now; well, now; *well*, now!" a man's voice said good-naturedly; "what sort of a game is you-uns playing?"

Lindy turned, and saw her husband standing behind her, and smiling. Her face changed from white to dusky red. "Alexander Kimmel," she said sharply, "catch that child."

Alexander Kimmel drew near, still laughing, and Little Pleasant stood a moment still, hands and feet and tongue, to see whose side Uncle Sandy was going to take. In that moment a long arm swept out, and Little Pleasant, finding the question decided and himself a captive, began to scream and kick and throw himself again, but to no avail; for though there was an unfailing easy good nature about Uncle Sandy, there was no question as to the strength of his hands.

The big man looked from the writhing child to the stern, irate woman. He was still laughing. "Well, now," he said, "what shall I do next?"

"Take him home to his pappy," said Lindy, "and say to his pappy, 'Hyar, Bub Rendleman, is your dear little son, an' don't you never turn him loose on man, woman, or child ag'in until you've tamed him. At present he are a wild beast that goes ravagin' through the world, breakin', killin', an' destroyin'.' An' say, 'That

word is from your sister Lindy, what toiled to raise you, with her compliments."

"Well, now, Lindy," said the big, kind-hearted uncle, trying to pat the jerking head of Little Pleasant, "what have he broke an' killed an' destroyed, anyhow?"

"He broke my two real-chiny cups, an' he said it served me right, an' he killed the old yellin' hen's flock of chickens, makin' 'em swim in the water-barrel where they all drowned, an' when I tried to whip him, I thought he 'd kill himsef a-yellin'; an' he hit me back, an' broke my specs, as you well know; an' this mornin' he started out by whittlin' notches in the chair legs, and then he jumped on Sukey's back when I was a-milkin' of her, an' made me spill the milk an' give pore Sukey such a skeer that she turned round an' pretty near hooked me an' would n't let me finish milkin', an' him jumpin' up an' down an' hollerin' for joy — an' then —"

"Shorely, Lindy," big Sandy interrupted, "you must be forgittin' that his mammy 's sick; it might be the finishin' of her to have such a inventive little varmint figurin' round her."

"I ain't forgot his mother," Lindy answered, straightening back her head, "but if she 's sick she 's on'y gettin' her pay for havin' raised up a young one to be a torment to his kin; an' he 's a-goin' home. Jus' keep on holdin' him a minute while I git the rope to tie him."

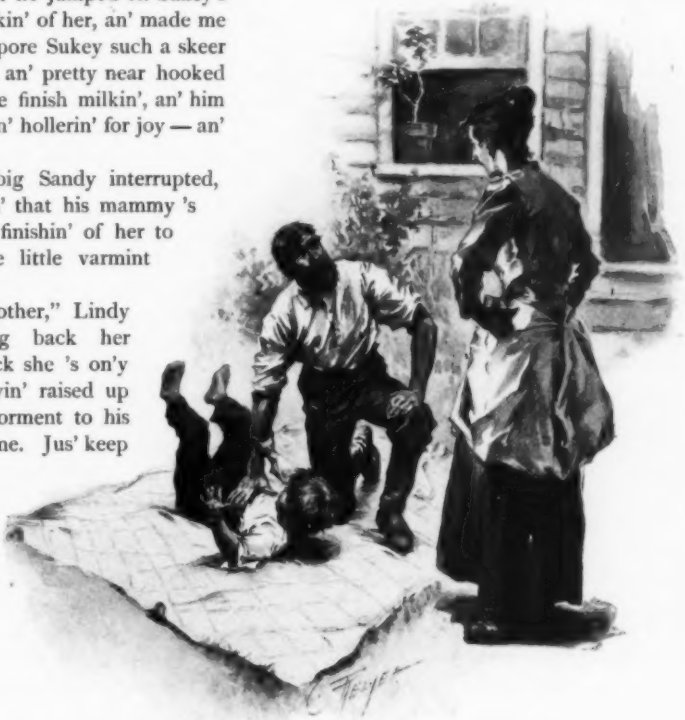
"To tie him?" Sandy gasped. The wind took his hat off and he stood blinking after it, half tempted to let go of the little engine of wrath under his hands; but his wife came back before he could decide,

and she was carrying a strong piece of rope and an immense gay bed-quilt in her arms.

"Bind him tight," she said, "and lay him down in the shade while you harness up. I don't want to have to put my hand to him

again. There 's my best rising-sun quilt to wrap him in so the ropes won't cut him — Bub sha'n't say I did n't treat him handsome, but under my roof he shall not stay to-night!"

A new paroxysm laid hold of Little Pleasant. "I won't go home! I won't go home! I won't go home!" he cried, kicking with ruthless fury at the legs of his friendly uncle. "I won't be tied! I won't be tied! I won't be tied!" His feet and hands were flying so fast that with his little red shirt and long blue trousers gleaming in the midst of them he looked like a humming-bird poised in air about his uncle's knees; but it was a bumblebee that the



"THE BIG MAN HELD HIM UNDER ONE BROAD PALM, WITH THE LITTLE TOES AND FISTS FLYING IN THE AIR."

big man thought of as he brushed him off and held him under one broad palm, with the little toes and fists flying in the air.

"Now, Pleasant, sonny," Sandy reasoned, "it do look like you got to go when your Aunt

Lindy say so. Jes' ca'm down a little, an' I 'll fix you mighty comf'able in this hyar quilt."

He drew it toward him as he spoke, still holding the boy under his hand, while Lindy stood apart to make it more evident that she had entirely washed her hands of her nephew, only smiling coldly as she saw him picked up by his garments, laid upon the quilt, and rolled in it like a baby in its blanket, until the quilt held all of him in a firm round bundle except the top of his head, his eyes, nose, and voice. Big Sandy looked doubtfully at his accomplishment and then at the rope.

"Bub 'll be about the maddest thing next to *this* that you ever seed," he ventured.

"He are free to be," said Lindy.

"It don't pleasure me much to rile up Bub," big Sandy went on; "an' I 'low I 'll look pretty ridiculous ridin' along with a little boy about the size of my thumb tied up at the bottom of my wagon, like 's if I had n't the muscle to control him —"

"Look a' hyar, Alexander Kimmel," Lindy broke in with firmness, "if you-uns was a-takin' a nice six-year-old rattlesnake home to his pappy and his mammy with my compliments, would you have him ridin' free an' easy on the seat with you, or would you admit to yorese'f that he was bigger 'n he looked, an' give him the back of the wagon?"

Sandy stared at her with open mouth and an expression as if in time he would begin to laugh. She did not wait for that, but started toward the cabin door. "Tie him, an' tie him *tight*," she said from the threshold. "Don't you do no triffin' work that he can wriggle out of; an' if Bub has anything to say about it, you tell him that you was workin' under my orders — with my compliments."

Sandy tied his parcel securely and carried it out to the barn with him and laid it in the wagon while he harnessed. It had stopped screaming, but when he went near it he could see that it had not yielded, for the black eyes which sparkled from one end of it were snapping wrathfully. He promised himself that when they were well out on the road he would undo it and set its little electric nucleus up on the seat by him, and see if his old knife which had whittled the chairs in the morning could

perform a more soothing office now. "An' if he whittles *their* chairs with it," he chuckled, "it 'll do Lindy so proud she won't mind the giving of it away."

As they ambled out upon the lonely forest road, Sandy looked up at the narrow path of sky above the trees and shook his head. There had been so much storm at home since Little Pleasant came that he had not been considering the great outer weather as of much importance; but now he saw that the wind, which had blown about them as they talked, was wrestling wildly with the long arms of the forest, and the sky was darkening swiftly without clouds, like an angry face. He checked the horse an instant, questioning whether to turn and face his wife with the bundle still in his possession, or to risk the crashing of dead branches down into his wagon, and possibly the drenching of a summer shower. Then he fancied that the sky was growing lighter, and that was enough. "Git along thar, Jerry," he urged, and his whip snapped out the message above the horse's ears. Jerry looked over his shoulder and decided on speed, breaking from his best walk into a scrambling trot that kept the wagon flying wildly over the long tree-roots which crossed the road.

The bundle in the back of the wagon began to scream, and a dull thud of kicking came out through the layers of quilt. Sandy looked up at the sky again. It had altered from dun to the threatening color of fear which comes before great storms. "Can't be settin' out for *much*," he said. Then he glanced round uneasily at the bundle. "Lay still, Pleasant," he said in a sterner voice than Pleasant had ever heard from him. "You are safer where you be, an' I 'll give you the Barlow knife when I git you home, if you 're good."

"I don't want to be no gooder! I 'm good enough! I don't want your old Barlow! An' I won't go home!"

Sandy could hear the voice at the back of the wagon shrieking in a sharp-winged note through the swish and roar of the trees; but things beyond Little Pleasant's anger had taken rein of the big man's leisurely thoughts, and were whipping them to swiftness. Somewhere near the road there was a great rending cry as the firm earth yielded up the strong roots which

had hidden in it, and a tree went tearing down through the snapping branches of other trees. Old Jerry sprang at the sound. There was no more need to urge him. He went plunging through the dusky tumult of the woods, bumping the wagon over stumps and grinding it against trees so that big Sandy jumped to the back and stood with his foot on the empty end of the quilt to keep it from being thrown over the wheels.

"Pore Lindy's wishin' she'd kept him," he muttered, as he clenched the lines and braced against them with all his strength. One of them broke, and the strain on the other swerved the horse suddenly. The wagon cramped and tilted, and crashed full against a tree. Jerry kicked out of all the harness and plunged on, showing here and there a moment through the undergrowth, which soon shut him out of sight. Sandy sprang to the ground and straightened up the wagon, for the uproar of the storm was gathering into one great cumulative rush, which grew above and out of all the other sounds as the rush of a locomotive rises above the wind. The big man's eyes narrowed. He seized Little Pleasant, and running with him to a spot where the trees were fewer and smaller, threw himself down among the bushes to wait for the wind to mow its path where it would.

"Le' me up! Le' me up! Le' me up!" a shrill voice screamed near his ear. "I'll tell my paw on you if you don't le' me up! I ain't a-goin' to be no gooder! I don't want your old Barlow —"

Big Sandy felt himself lifted from the ground and saw the empty end of Pleasant's quilt unfurl and fill with wind like a balloon. He grasped it in both hands as it rose past him, and, half running, half buoyed by it, he tore after it through the sharp bushes, out of the little opening and among the tall trees which snapped and fell about him like dry twigs. Something flew near him, beating him about the ears, and a broom went whirling by, light as a feather among the heavy branches. It struck Little Pleasant as it passed him, and Sandy could almost hear the angry cry with which the child resented it. The air was full of strange missiles; between the shattered

boughs and crashing tree-trunks, the shreds of a village woman's stylish gown came fluttering along. A child's rocking-horse rode the blast a moment at Sandy's side and then was stopped by an uplifted barrier of roots. A man's high hat, such as the forest had never seen, went sailing overhead, and Sandy envied it as he leaped and sprang and flew, with all the branches slashing at him as he went. Finally something tripped his feet; he lost hold of the quilt, and as he struggled free of entanglement and tried to catch the wind-filled sail, it rose in front of him out of his reach and was swept away, with its gay patchwork gleaming through the chaos of swirling leaves and tree-trunks and odds and ends from the outer world.

Sandy stumbled after it until the howl of the cyclone grew faint in the distance, and night fell to cover the wreckage of the wind. With night came utter weariness; but he pushed on in spite of it, clambering over fallen trees, which he felt but could not see, and shouting until some invisible bluff or rise of ground caught the word, and mocked him brokenly with his own cry of "Pleasant! Pleasant!" which came back through the black desolation of the woods. He was not afraid of losing the way the child had taken, for that would be marked plainly enough in daylight, and it was only when the hopelessness of exhaustion overcame him that he dropped among the uprooted trees and slept.

Over in the cabin that looked down on the woods, Lindy Kimmel walked up and down, stopping again and again at the door to look out against the dark. She had seen and heard the passing of the storm, and she knew that Little Pleasant must have been almost in the thick of it; but she tided herself over from hour to hour with the hope that they had just made through it, and were safe at Bub's. Late in the evening her strained ears caught the sound of a horse's hoofs. She lighted a lantern and went outside, her heart beating as it had not beat in years. There was no rattle of wheels, and soon old Jerry trotted up, bare of harness and alone. He came to her whinnying, and she put her arms around his neck in an unwonted caress, while all the fears of the lonely hours rose up about her as certainties, and she

tried to face them. After a little while she set her lips tight, turned Jerry into the pasture-lot, and started out. When in time she came to what was left of the wagon, lying crushed under a fallen tree, she searched a long time round it, but, finding nothing, left the wagon track for the path of the storm, where she struggled over and under and between the trees, calling "Sandy!" and "Pleasant!" at every step. The same bluffs which had mocked at Sandy caught her voice, and threw it back until she was almost crazed with the disappointment of finding that only the echoes answered her.

Some distant village must have been swept away by the storm; for as morning slipped between the shadows she could see that the forest was full of battered treasure. Once she came across a bolt of calico, and she took it with her, partly because it was in such good shape that it gave her hope, and partly because, whatever happened, it would be of use. Then she found a ready-made coat lying under a log. She pulled it out, but before she unfolded it she looked to see if either Sandy or Pleasant had been covered by it.

There were only some shredded leaves beneath it; but the coat itself was uninjured, and her accurate eye told her it would just fit Sandy;

so, feeling that it was a good omen, she slipped it on over her torn dress, and her courage rose. Her notice had been set for so much larger things that she almost passed a jumping-jack



"BIG SANDY FELT HIMSELF LIFTED FROM THE GROUND, AND SAW THE EMPTY END OF PLEASANT'S QUILT UNFURL AND FILL WITH AIR LIKE A BALLOON."

dangling on a blackberry-briar; but when she saw it, her heart came suddenly into her throat, and she gave a sharp sob, for it seemed as if Little Pleasant must have passed before her and hung it there. Her clumsy fingers could scarcely unfasten the little toy and put it in the pocket of the new coat.

"Oh," she whispered, "jes' let him be alive,

tame or wild, to play with it—jes' let him be *alive!*"

The foolish little toy seemed to dance before her as she stumbled on; and though her eyes were dry, she saw so little else that she dropped down beside a log, and buried her face in her hands.

From the other side of the log big Sandy lifted himself slowly to his elbow, and stared at her. Suddenly memory came to him, and his face began to twitch. He reached out one of his bruised hands and laid it on her shoulder. She looked up almost without surprise or joy.

"Where are the child?" she asked.

Poor Sandy could not speak a word. The tears rolled down his cheeks, and he shook his head.

Lindy's eyes fell. "Oh, Lord, give him back to me! Give him back to me! Give him back to me!" she prayed.

Then Sandy's voice came to him. "He war such a little critter," the big man broke out sharply, "such a little, wild, screamin' critter for the wind to fly away with, an' I did my best to hold tight to him; but he just whizzed off away from me like that thar quilt war a great big ombrelly! An' I could hear him a-screamin' that he would n't go—"

But Lindy only looked up in the sternness of her anguish, saying: "Fall on yore knees, Alexander Kimmel, an' help me pray to git him back!"

The bluff which had echoed their calling in the night ran for a long distance parallel with the track of the storm; but at last it turned at an angle, and the wind had risen over it, dropping a wild approach of trees and debris at its feet. It was out of this heaped-up confusion that Sandy's deep, strong voice joined Lindy's in passionate appeal.

Her head was bowed; but, scarcely knowing it, he lifted his. Then his big hand gripped her shoulder, and he pointed through the tan-

gled boughs to the lines of gold which the early level sunshine was tracing about the gray architecture of the bluff.

Far up the indented wall a patch of vivid red and orange flamed against a ledge, like a great clump of wild columbine in blossom. A child's voice quavered out of it.

"I 'm powerful tired a-bein' prayed for," it sobbed.

The man and woman jumped to their feet and looked at each other, asking if they had heard the living or the dead.

"They waked me up with their hollerin'," the voice went on, while Sandy and Lindy were scrambling toward the foot of the bluff.

"I been a-keeping quiet not to naggle 'em, but I wisht they 'd come up hyar an' ontie this hyar old rope."

"Pleasant!" his aunt called tremulously.

A little round black head came into view, and the sunlight kissed it. He looked down at them with a gentleness which in some way had been taught him by the fierceness of the storm.

"That are my name," he said.

That evening in the cabin some memory must have haunted him, for he nestled down in his aunt's arms before the fire, and looked into her softened face. "The wind drapped me so comf'rt'ble on that thar moss, that I did n't feel like nagglin' any more," he said. "*Are n't* I a pleasant child?"

Lindy gathered him close in a spasmodic clasp, while Alexander Kimmel looked into the fire, and cleared his throat and answered for her. "Thar are no disputin' that," he muttered; "thar are no disputin' that."

And the people who know them, and who will gladly tell you this story of how Little Pleasant was borne on the wings of the wind until he left all his nagglings behind him, will all declare to you that it has never been disputed to this day.



THE STORY OF BETTY.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

[This story was begun in the January number.]

CHAPTER V.

A SHOPPING TOUR.

As they rode along, Miss Van Court talked to her companion kindly and with frankness.

"Betty," she said, "you are now a rich girl, and your money is at your own disposal; but, as a friend, I want to advise you a little. You are too young to know what is best to do, and I do not think Mrs. Tucker is a fit person to have charge of you in any way. So I am going to take you home to stay with me until definite plans can be made for your future. Are you willing to trust my judgment and allow me to assist you as you assume your new responsibilities?"

"Indeed I am, Miss Van Court; you are only too good to me. I'm awful ignorant, and I'm not so good as I'd like to be, but truly, I do want to be good and do what is right."

"Very well, Betty; we will hope that in time you can get the better of your ignorance and faults, and meanwhile we'll go and buy you some dresses that will at least make you look wiser and better."

And then the fun began. The poor little drudge, who had never had a really pretty dress

since she could remember, was provided with a wardrobe she thought fit for a princess.

Several dresses were bought ready-made, and Miss Van Court decreed that Betty should at once put on a lovely pink-and-white gingham trimmed with dainty embroidery, and keep it on. To this was added a wide Leghorn flat



"BETTY'S CHEEKS FLUSHED AND HER EYES DANCED AS THE SALESWOMAN PUT THE HAT ON HER CURLY HEAD."

with pink ribbons and a waving white feather; and Betty's cheeks flushed and her eyes danced as the saleswoman put it on her curly head.

And then they bought shoes and gloves and linen, until Betty thought that Miss Van Court must think she was going to stay a little girl all

her life, for surely she could never wear out all these things before she grew up! And then Betty insisted that the white parasol must be bought. So they selected it with great care, and Miss Van Court accepted the pretty gift as gracefully as if a great lady had given it to her.

Then she advised Betty to buy also a smaller one for herself. This was a crowning glory; and they found a white silk affair with little ruffles that Miss Van Court thought suitable for a child; and Betty carried it away with her, feeling that now there was nothing more to wish for.

They reached Miss Van Court's home in time for luncheon, and after that Mr. Brewster proposed that they all adjourn to the library and talk over matters.

The elder Miss Van Court was there as well as Miss Grace, though the latter seemed to look upon Betty as her especial charge.

Mr. Morris, the Australian lawyer, had arrived from New York, and Mr. Brewster and Mrs. Van Court completed the party.

Then they all began to talk at once, and offered various and conflicting suggestions.

Miss Grace proposed that they keep Betty with them,—for the present, at least,—as she had no relatives, and she must live somewhere. Mrs. Van Court said that without question a good boarding-school was the only place for the child for the next few years. Mr. Morris offered to take her back with him to Australia, and to adopt her as a member of his family.

Finally there was a pause, and Betty herself spoke. Her voice trembled a little, but she felt that this was a critical moment, and if she was to save her prospective home she must strike a telling blow.

"It's kind and good you all are to me," she said, "and I'm thinkin' you're wiser than I am myself; but Miss Grace says the fortune is my own, to do just as I like with; and I *can't* go to a boarding-school, or to Australia, or live here, because I want to have a home of my own. I don't know exactly what kind of a one I can buy, but it must be a *home*, and it must be all my own. I have never had a home, and I'm longin' for one; and unless my money can buy it, I don't want the money at all, at all."

Mr. Morris looked disappointed, and Mr.

Brewster looked amused. Mrs. Van Court sniffed a little, but Miss Grace said kindly: "I think you are right, Betty, and we will direct our plans toward gratifying your lifelong wish."

"But it is absurd," said Mrs. Van Court. "A child like that cannot take charge of a house. What she wants or does n't want is not the question. We who are older know what is best for her, and she should be guided by our advice. Now, a few years at Madame De Vincy's school would make a lady of her, and fit her to use her money intelligently."

"Madame De Vincy!" exclaimed Miss Grace. "She would spoil Betty entirely. I know the sort of young ladies she turns out: rattle-pated fashion-plates, with a smattering of French and music—of no earthly use to themselves or any one else."

"I agree with you," said Mr. Brewster.

However, as he usually agreed with Miss Grace, his remark carried very little weight.

Then the elder Miss Van Court spoke.

"I think," she said, in her decided way, "you are all meddling with what does not concern you. What right have you to interfere with the dictates of a written will? If Mr. Dennis McGuire expressly decreed that his granddaughter should have his money to do with as she chose, I think no one else has any authority in the matter."

"That is true; that is true," said Mr. Morris; "and though the terms of the will are unusual, most unusual, yet it is valid, perfectly valid, and Miss McGuire is accountable to no one—to no one at all, for the use she makes of her money."

Mr. Morris was a thin, wiry little man, with sparse, wiry black hair that seemed trying to spring off his head as he talked, and restless black eyes that winked and blinked incessantly. Although a man of sound wisdom and good judgment, he had a nervous manner, and he emphasized his spoken opinions with continuous muscular activity.

"Therefore," he went on, squaring his elbows, and tapping his left palm with his right forefinger—"therefore there is nothing for us to do, nothing, but to defer to the wishes of Miss McGuire. Now, wait a minute." Though all present recognized his authority, and had no

desire to question it, Mr. Morris seemed always in fear of interruption, and he raised his finger warningly to prevent such a possibility. "Now, wait a minute. I do not mean there can be no guardian, no financial guardian, to look after the investments, for such a person is recommended in the will; but his duties are defined, clearly defined, and he is to receive an adequate salary; and these duties in no wise include or permit dictation as to expenditures."

Betty, in a large arm-chair by Miss Grace's side, was grasping tightly the carved wolves' heads that presented themselves to her little brown hands. She was looking straight at Mr. Morris and listening intently to every word he said, though she never really forgot her pink gingham dress and pretty shoes.

But when he finished his speech she let go the wolves' heads, and springing to her feet, darted across the room and stood before him.

"Then I can buy my home!" she said, in a voice of rapture. "Oh, sir, will you help me?"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Morris, much disconcerted by this sudden attack. "But yes—yes, child," he went on, pounding his knees with his clenched fists; "I *will* help you, of course I will."

Indeed, only a hard-hearted tyrant could have resisted Betty's pleading face and quenched the dawning hope in her blue eyes; and Mr. Morris was by no means a hard-hearted tyrant. His black hair seemed to bristle less ferociously, and his black eyes snapped almost mildly, as he took Betty's outstretched hands in his, and said:

"My child, so far as I have any authority I will use it to help you establish your home—your own home."

"You're a brick, sir," said Betty, so fervently that nobody laughed; and then Mr. Morris, to prove his good will, shook her hands vigorously, though quite unconsciously, and Betty, being of a responsive nature, shook his hands in the same absent-minded manner; and they shook away, looking like some kind of new patent pump-handles, until Miss Grace broke the silence by saying:

"Then the home is a foregone conclusion; now let us make plans for it."

"Yes, 'm," said Betty, breaking off the hand-

shaking, and returning to her seat by Miss Grace's side.

"But," said Mr. Morris, fitting the fingertips of his right hand carefully against those of his left, and then removing them one by one, "although I have promised to do all in my power to further your projects, whatever they may be,—and I will do so, I will certainly do so,—yet I want you to understand, distinctly to understand, that a home is offered you under my Australian roof. My wife sent an urgent invitation for you to go back with me and become a member of our household—a valued member of our household. We have a son and a daughter who would welcome you,



"THEN I CAN BUY MY HOME!" SHE SAID."

gladly welcome you, and you would have a comfortable and happy home, with no cares or responsibilities. Now, wait a minute. I do not urge this course, understand; I do not urge it, but I want you to be aware, fully aware, of its advantages."

"It does seem as if it might be the best plan," said Miss Grace, thoughtfully.

"I quite agree with you," said Mr. Brewster.

"Of course it would be best," exclaimed Mrs. Van Court; "it's a chance to be thankful for; and I hope, Betty, you will appreciate the kindness of Mr. Morris and accept his offer."

Betty's happy smile had faded, and she began to think the battle was all to be fought over again, when, to her relief, Miss Margaret Van Court asserted herself once more:

"Mother, what is it to you what the child does? If she wishes to go with Mr. Morris, let her say so; but if not, why try to influence her?"

Betty gave her a grateful look, and said:

"I do appreciate the gentleman's kindness, and his wife's, too; but I want my own home, and I must have it."

"Well, well," said Mr. Morris, cheerfully, "that settles it—that settles it. And now, where shall your home be, and will you build it, or buy it already built?"

"Oh, I don't want to build a house," said Betty, seriously, "because it would take too long, and I am in a hurry to get settled. I would like to buy a house near here, but out in the country; and I did think I wanted it to be like Mrs. Carver's house, but I don't; I want it just like this one, or, at least, as near like this as I can get. But maybe I can't afford such a big one, sir?"

Although unintentional, the compliment of this speech quite won Mrs. Van Court's heart, and she smiled kindly on Betty.

"So you like my house, do you, you funny child?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am. I think it is beautiful; the walls are so big, and the windows so open. Do you want to sell it, ma'am?"

"No," said Mrs. Van Court, laughing; "but I know of a house somewhat like it, out on the Marsden Road."

"Oh," said Miss Grace, clapping her hands, "the Stillford place. Just the thing! They say it is in the market at a great bargain. Let us drive over this afternoon and look at it."

The carriage was ordered, and Miss Grace, Betty, Mr. Morris, and Mr. Brewster started off in high spirits to investigate the attractions of the Stillford house.

CHAPTER VI.

THE STILLFORD HOUSE.

THEY drove along and along the beautiful Marsden Road, past many fine houses sitting complacently in their well-kept grounds; and at last the carriage turned in at an entrance to a tree-shaded avenue that was really very much like the approach to the Van Court mansion.

"Here we are, Betty," said Miss Grace. "Do you think you could be happy here?"

Betty said nothing, but smiled up into her friend's eyes, for, despite their short acquaintance, there was much sympathy between them.

The driveway wound around and up a slope, encircled a great grassy plot, and then down and out to the gate again. At the top of the slope it passed the Stillford house, and here the carriage stopped. They all got out and went



"THEY FOUND A PLEASANT-FACED WOMAN."

up the steps of a broad veranda that spread itself across the front of the house and disappeared around the corners. The house was by no means a modern one, but was built on the plan which boasts of two front doors, with large rooms between them, and wings on each side. Mr. Brewster rang the bell at one of the doors,—the western one,—and in a few moments the other door opened, and a voice said briskly:

"Want to see the house? Have to come in this way if you do."

They crossed to the other door, and found a pleasant-faced woman, who announced herself as Mrs. Ryan, the caretaker of the place.

Mr. Brewster explained that they did want to see the house, with a view to a possible purchase of it; and Mrs. Ryan, producing a bunch of keys, piloted the party from one room to another, dilating as she went upon the advantages of the dwelling and upon the glory of the departed Stillfords.

"These is the parlures," said she, ushering them into the two rooms that filled the central portion of the house. "Front one looks down to town, as you see. Back one commands a view of the river and mountings in the distance. My! The ball-dances Mrs. Stillford used to

give in these here parlures! I tell you, them was the grand days of this house."

The large, high-ceilinged rooms were utterly bare of furniture; but Betty's accommodating imagination ignored all beneath the level of her own eyes, and as she looked at the frescoed garlands on the walls and ceilings, the shining, flickering glass prisms on the chandeliers, and the carved scrolls of the tall mantels, she fancied she could hear the rustle of silks and the sounds of music and merriment that must have marked Mrs. Stillford's "ball-dances."

From the front parlor, double doors led into the west hall, and as Mrs. Ryan unlocked them a wail of anger greeted the party:

"Dit out o' here! I 'm p'ayin' sojer!"

A glance at the "sojer's" surroundings explained at once why entrance to the house had to be made by the other door; for a fort built of bricks occupied the front of the hall.

This was surmounted by a fair-sized cannon, presided over by a warlike-looking individual of perhaps five years. He brandished a tin sword, and repeated:

"Dit out o' here, or I 'll shoot you down dead!"

"Don't mind him," said Mrs. Ryan, apologetically; "he 's gettin' well of the measles, and he did n't feel very scrumptious to-day, so I let him play in here. It makes things sort o' hoopsy-topsy, but he don't hurt nothin'. Keep still, Michael Edward; nobody 's goin' to interfere with you. Don't raise such a hubbuble."

But the valiant warrior continued to yell until the invaders, after admiring the wide hall with its great door at each end, went on to further explorations.

West of the west hall was the dining-room, in the front of the house, and back of it the kitchen.

"This here dinin'-room is considered great," said Mrs. Ryan. "This handsome sideboard is built to the wall, you see, and the mantel has carvin' on it that spells a motto."

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Morris; "and the carving is beautiful—really beautiful! Brewster, this is a fine old house."

"It is, indeed," replied Mr. Brewster; "and

if Miss McGuire does n't buy it, I think I should like it myself." And he looked hopefully toward Miss Grace, who quickly looked another way.

To reach the second floor they must needs pass the fort again. They saluted the captain, but received in return only a few irate growls.

"You would n't think it," said Mrs. Ryan, as they all went up the broad staircase, "but Michael Edward is a real good boy gen'rally. Only, when he 's been sick, it seems to jest go through all his temper. Oh, well, some cake *does* bake that way!"

Then she paused on the landing to call her guests' attention to the view of the river and "mountings" again.

Miss Grace admired the view, but seemed even more impressed with the possibilities of the landing. It was as large as a small room, and with the great window and the lovely outlook might be furnished so as to become a perfect nook of comfort.

"Yes, 'm," said Betty, as her friend detailed these suggestions, "an' a singin' æolian harp in the window."

"Why, that 's just the finishing touch," cried Miss Grace. "What do you know about an æolian harp, Betty?"

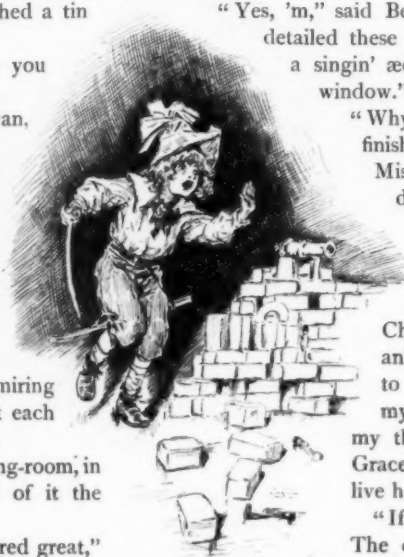
"They had one at Miss Christabel's, ma'am, an' I used to listen to its music until my heart was in my throat. Oh, Miss Grace, *am* I going to live here?"

"If you like it, Betty. The choice rests with you. But this is only the first house you 've looked at, you know.

You ought to see some others before you decide upon this as satisfactory."

"Yes, 'm," said Betty.

Then they went on, through the rooms and



"DIT OUT O' HERE! I 'M P'AYIN' SOJER!"

halls of the second floor and the third floor, and finally they came down the other stairs into the east hall.

In the east wing were two rooms which, Mrs. Ryan informed them, the Stillfords had used for a library and a music-room.

"A music-room!" said Betty, her eyes dancing. "What is that?"

"Why, a room for music, for music only," said Mr. Morris. "It should contain a piano, — a piano, you know, — and other instruments, and be devoted solely to the production and enjoyment of music."

"What did you think it was?" asked Miss Grace, noticing the disappointment on Betty's countenance.

"I thought," she answered, bravely confessing her ignorance, "that it was like a music-box, only as big as a room, an' if you wound it up it would play tunes."

"You can have a music-box in it if you like," said Mr. Brewster.

"Then I will buy the house," said Betty, with sudden decision.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Morris. "We must see — we must talk this over. It strikes me, — yes, it certainly strikes me, — it is a very large house for you."

They were in the music-room now. Mrs. Ryan had heard alarming sounds from the fort, and had gone to investigate, leaving the visitors to sum up their opinions of the house.

Miss Grace and Mr. Brewster were seated on the low seat which ran around the bay-window; Mr. Morris was pacing the room in his quick, nervous way; and Betty was standing leaning against one of the fluted pillars which divided the music-room from the library back of it.

"No," she said decidedly; "it's not too large for me an' my family. I've been makin' plans as I went through the rooms, an' I don't want to look at any other house. If the fortune is my own, an' if I am to have the spendin' of it, I will buy this house, I will, an' then I will buy my furniture an' my family."

There was an old wooden box in Mr. Morris's path; first he stumbled over it, then he sat down upon it, and blessed his soul with emphasis, while he drummed out strange measures on the sides of the box with his fingers.

"Buy a family?" he said, "a family? What do you mean?"

"I know of a market," said Mr. Brewster, recalling a very old joke, "where there is a sign which reads, 'Families Supplied.' Perhaps you could get one there."

Betty looked at Mr. Morris's amazed countenance, and then at Mr. Brewster's quizzical one, and she felt suddenly as if she was a very foolish little girl.

But Miss Grace smiled at her with loving sympathy, and in an instant she flew across the room and nestled at the lady's side.

Miss Grace put her arm round Betty, and said kindly: "Now, tell us, dear, about the family you want to buy."

"Well, you see, ma'am," began Betty, feeling once more the courage of her own convictions, "it 's just this way. An' maybe I 'm plannin' too fast; maybe it 's not for the likes of me to live in a beautiful house like this. But the gentleman said the money is my own, an' by the same token that must be true, though I can't quite believe it; an' so I want to buy me a house to make my home in. An' how can it be a home without a family? An' where would I get a family but to buy one? So if I 've money enough I 'll buy me a grandmother, an' a baby sister, an' a brother. But bein' as I 'll take lame Jack for my brother, I 'm thinkin' I 'll get him for nothin'."

"And where will you buy your other relatives?" asked Mr. Brewster, trying hard not to laugh.

But Betty answered as seriously as if he had inquired which was the best place to buy white parasols:

"I 'm thinkin' I can get my grandmother at the Old Ladies' Home, an' my baby at the Orphan Asylum; an' if Miss Grace would go with me to pick 'em out, I 'm sure we 'd get nice ones."

"I 'm sure you would," said Mr. Brewster, heartily.

Mr. Morris rose from his soap-box and paced round in his track again.

"She 's all right," said he, pounding one palm with the other fist. "The child 's all right. Betty, you shall have your home and your family. Yes, yes; you shall have your

home and your family. And you must have a housekeeper and servants."

"My grandmother will keep house for me, sir, until I can learn to do it myself. An' I will have servants enough to keep the place tidy, an'—an' I will be very good to 'em."

Betty's thoughts suddenly flew back to her own servitude at Mrs. Tucker's, and she resolved that her domestic rule should be just and kind.

"Well, well," said Mr. Morris, "the way to do some things is to *do* them. Yes, yes; that is the way to do some things. This whole affair is unique, so far as I know, but we have to deal with it as it is. And, Miss McGuire, as you are my client, I shall obey orders, and with the help of these kind friends we 'll carry this through; yes, yes, we 'll carry it through."

"Indeed, I 'll help all I can," said Miss Grace. "I think it is lovely, and I 'm glad to assist."



"HALLO, POPINJAY! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT IF I TURNED THE HOSE ON YOUR FINE PINK FROCK?"

"I quite agree with you," said Mr. Brewster.

"Well, how do you like the house?" asked Mrs. Ryan, who had quelled the military uprising, and was beaming on them from the doorway.

"It is a very attractive place," said Miss Van Court, pleasantly; "and we thank you for showing us about. We are going home now to talk it over, and I think it is likely we shall buy the house. In that case, what will become of you?"

"Oh, I 'll go back to where I used to live before I came to work for the Stillfords. And I 'll be glad to go, too. I was mighty fond of Mrs. Stillford, but now she 's gone I ain't got no call to stay here. Good day, miss; good day, sirs."

The party drove back to the Van Court home, and were met on the veranda by the other ladies of the family, and by Mr. Richard Van Court, who had returned from the city.

Betty's face turned scarlet at sight of him; for she remembered their last meeting, and wondered how he would treat her now.

But Mr. Richard, being a careless and easy-going young man, and being amused by the story of Betty's change of fortunes, was quite willing to make friends with the small heiress. So he greeted her with a smile, and said:

"Hallo, Popinjay! How would you like it if I turned the hose on your fine pink frock?"

Betty blushed harder than ever, and was at a loss for a reply.

But her tormentor would not let her off so easily.

"How would you like it, eh, Popinjay?"

Then Betty looked at him with her honest blue eyes, and answered bravely: "If you did n't *mean* to do it, sir, I 'd thank you for your kind intentions."

The Irishness of this speech pleased the young man wonderfully, and he went off into a peal of laughter. "You would, would you?" said he. "Betty, we 'll let bygones be bygones, and be friends. Would you like that?"

"Yes, sir," said Betty.

"Then shake hands on it. There! Now remember, whenever you want a friend, Dicky Van Court is it. And now tell me all about this happy home you're going to buy."

But Miss Grace interfered. "Not now," she said. "Come with me, Betty, and get

ready for dinner, and you can talk to my brother afterward."

They went away together, and Mr. Dick called after them:

"Put on your red necktie, Popinjay. I shall never be really happy until I see that necktie exhibited in all its glory again!"

(To be continued.)

THE SOLE SURVIVORS.

BY GEORGE A. HENTY.

(This story was begun in the November number.)

CHAPTER IX.

LEAVING the negro to clear the ground, Guy went down to the canoe.

"Massa, don't get losed! If you go away you never find your way back again, and me soon die of hunger widout canoe," said Shanti.

"I will take care not to get lost. We took only two turns, both to the right, since we left that last pond. However, I will cut down two or three of the tall rushes at each turn I make, and I cannot then well lose my way. But we will agree that if I do not come back in about two hours, you fire a pistol, and keep on doing so every five minutes. I will be sure to hear it; for if by any chance I should lose my way, I shall not try to find it, but will remain where I am until I hear the pistol."

It was, however, little more than an hour before Guy returned. "We need have no fear about food," he said, as he threw six ducks on the ground by the side of the fire that the negro had already made. "They are so tame that they scarcely attempted to swim away when I paddled toward them, and I shot this half-dozen in a few minutes. It is quite evident that the Indians seldom come so far into the swamp as this to hunt; for if they had done so the birds would not be so careless. Why have you left those four young trees standing together? I see that you have cut off their tops and stripped off their bark."

"Yes, sah. Not nice to sleep wid snakes all about. When we have cooked two ob dem ducks, we make sort of little ladder about ten feet long; den we climb up and tie four cross-poles between dem trees; den get oder short poles and lay dem side by side; den go down and cut rushes and cober over dem t'ick. Dat make first-rate bed. When we get up dere, we pull up de ladder, and we laugh at de snakes."

"I think that is a very good idea. I don't like snakes myself. I suppose you cut off the bark to make it more difficult for them to climb up the trunks?"

Shanti nodded.

"I don't suppose any of them could climb it; I am sure the rattlesnakes could n't, and they are the worst. I should hardly think, though, that there would be many of them in these swamps. They like sunny places."

By the time it had become dark the negro had completed the platform. Two torches were then lighted, and taking a supply of others with them, the boys went down to the canoe and pushed off again, having first piled up the fire high with logs of pitch-pine.

"We shall be able to make that out a good way off, Shanti, and if we cannot see the fire itself we shall certainly see the glow among the trees," Guy remarked.

The fish-spears of which they had obtained possession had shafts some ten feet in length, a cord being attached to the upper end. At the other end were two prongs. These were formed of the backbones of some large fish; they were

pointed, and each had four or five of the side-bones cut so as to form barbs.

"I will let you do the spearing, Shanti. I will hold the two torches," Guy proposed.

"All right, massa. If dere are fish in de pool, you see me bring dem up all right."

"Plenty fish here, Massa Guy. Me see some big ones."

A moment later he threw the spear some three feet in front of the canoe. It went straight down, entirely disappearing from sight.

"Got him, massa," the black said, in delight.



GUY AND SHANTI COOKING FISH WHILE CAMPING IN THE SWAMP. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Shanti stood in the bow, holding a lance in the right hand, with a piece of leathern cord twisted round his wrist. He had lighted another torch, and held it above his head, while Guy, seated a short distance behind him, held a torch out on each side some two feet above the water. Presently the negro said in a whisper:

Then Guy saw the use of the thong; for as soon as the negro began to pull this in, it was violently agitated. He kept on a steady strain, and presently the top of the shaft came to the surface. The black gave one more pull, and then seized it.

"Look out, Massa Guy!" he said, as he

raised it, and then with a sidewise sweep threw a great fish into the canoe. "Mind, sah, he bite!"

Guy seized a paddle, and brought the handle down on the back of the fish's head. It gave two or three more flaps, then there was a quiver, and the fish was dead.

"What a huge fish!" Guy exclaimed. "He must be over thirty pounds."

"Bout dat, sah, I guess."

"Well, that will be enough for us."

"Wait a minute, sah. Me catch two or three little ones. Dere are some dere different shape from dis. Perhaps dey are better to eat."

In five minutes three fish, each of four or five pounds in weight, were lying beside the large one in the bottom of the canoe, and the negro somewhat reluctantly agreed with Guy that enough had been caught. They were soon back at their island, and carried the fish up to the fire.

"What are they, do you think?"

"Me not know, sah. Me not hab seen fish like dese at de plantation."

"I don't know whether they are sea fish or fresh-water fish," Guy said. "However, we will soon find whether they are good eating; we will try them both."

One of the small fish was split open and laid over the fire, with a slice, three or four pounds in weight, of the large one grilling by its side. It was agreed that the small fish was excellent, but the large one was of a muddy flavor.

After they had been there for a week, Guy said: "It is quite time for us to decide what we are going to do next, Shanti. Of course, we cannot take up our abode here for life, and if we are to go we must be off before the wet season sets in. I should say this place is unhealthy enough now, but in the time of the rains it must be pestilential."

"Yes, sah; dis bery well two, three weeks, but get bery tired of it afterwards. Big animals in all de creeks, and we hab seen some mons'rous big snakes. Me quite ready to go."

"But we can't go without preparations. The first thing to do is to lay in a supply of food. We have been killing only enough for each day's consumption; now we must lay in a store of fish and birds."

"But how are we to keep dem, sah? Dis water bad to drink, and if we had not plenty of fish to eat, and can go with very little water, we soon be in bad way; de water not salt enough to salt t'ings to make dem keep."

"No; but we can smoke them. We have plenty of pine wood, and that and a little of the pitch-pine would soon smoke both the birds and the fish; and I should say that they would keep any length of time."

"Dat great idea, Massa Guy. Dat do the trick. We soon get supply."

During the next week they caught as many fish and shot as many birds as they thought that the canoe would be able to carry. The fire was kept very low during the day, as a column of smoke would show the natives in what part of the swamp they were hidden; but at night they threw on chips of pitch-pine and other wood, making a dense smoke that penetrated fish and fowl in a very short time. It was true that they tasted somewhat strongly of pitch; but this was a minor matter, and they were well satisfied when the task was done, and they had some three hundred pounds of dried fish and a hundred and fifty ducks of various kinds. During the month that they had been in the swamp, vegetation had made great progress, and they came upon large quantities of gourds of different kinds, and other semi-tropical productions. These were gathered and stored, the gourds being emptied of their contents and scraped. Many were very large, and would hold a gallon of water.

"But where am de water to come from, Massa Guy?" the negro asked, when Guy told him to cut plugs of soft wood to act as corks. "As long as we hab plenty fresh fish, we get on bery well; but with smoked fish we get bery thirsty, and we go mad if we drink dis water."

"I quite see that," Guy said. "We must have fresh water. My idea is that we should keep north through these channels till we are at the edge of the swamp; then we will paddle along close under the bushes till we get to within four or five miles of the falls. At night we will paddle up till, on rowing out, we find that the current is strong. Of course the current is formed by the water of the river coming over the falls, and probably it runs some distance

before it gets mixed with the brackish water of the sound; and directly we find the water is sweet, we have but to fill our gourds, put in the stoppers, and row down with the stream."

The negro looked at Guy with beaming admiration. "Dat am splendid, massa. How you t'ink ob all dese t'ings is more dan me can say. Shanti neber t'ink ob such t'ings, neber t'ink ob smoking food, neber t'ink ob getting water in dat way. He just poor foolish fellow, good only to paddle boat and chop wood."

"Nonsense, Shanti. You don't think of things because you leave it to me to do so. Why, what should I have done without you? I should have been killed that night when we left the plantation. You have done all the really hard work since we came here. You are twice as strong as I am; you can turn your hand to almost anything. And if I think of things a little quicker than you do, it is because I have been more accustomed to think, and have heard from my father many stories of adventure, telling how men managed in straits something like our own."

Some twenty large gourds were prepared. The negro here was able to give useful advice, telling Guy that in his country they prepared gourds for holding water by filling them with sand or dry earth, which prevented them from shrinking and cracking. As they had no sand, a bank of earth was made up round the fire, and this, when thoroughly dry, was pounded and poured into the gourds. By the time these were in condition to be used all was in readiness for a start.

It was with deepest satisfaction that, one morning at daybreak, they took their places in the canoe, and left the spot that had been their home for some weeks. It took them all day to find their way out of the swamp, so intricate were the passages. They were obliged to go slowly and watchfully, for some parts were so infested with snakes that they were forced to turn back.

At all times they went with the greatest caution, keeping their eyes fixed upon the boughs above, and paddling with their arms ready at hand. Many of the creeks abounded with caymans, or alligators; but although some of

these creatures swam after the canoe for a time, spitefully snapping their jaws, they did not attempt an attack. It was with a feeling of deep relief that, an hour before sunset, they issued out into the broad water of the sound. Their first action was to take a long drink of the water. In addition to the Roanoke, Albemarle Sound receives the waters of other rivers, and these greatly modify the saltness of the sea-water, of which a comparatively small amount makes its way in through the openings between the long barrier of sand-hills. Guy and Shanti watched until dark without seeing a single canoe pass.

"I suppose they do not come down so far as this to fish," Guy said. "We must be thirty or forty miles from the village at the foot of the falls. It may be, too, that our encounter with that canoe has frightened them. The whole thing must have been a mystery to them, and the account given of our appearance, by the man whom, I have no doubt, they picked up, must have seemed so strange that, superstitious as they are, they may since then have been afraid to venture far away from their village. I hope it may be so, and in that case we may be able to get our fresh water without a risk of meeting with them."

Before starting they slept for four or five hours, and then paddled along at the edge of the swamp until dawn, by which time they judged that they were within five or six miles of the head of the sound. Then they hid in among the bushes, and watched by turns; but as no canoe appeared on the water, they concluded that Guy's supposition was correct, and that the Indians were still under the influence of superstitious fears. They therefore started again, as soon as it was dark, with some confidence, and after paddling for another half-hour, rowed out for some distance, and finding the water perfectly fresh, filled all their gourds, and then started, seaward this time, following the northern shore, where the ground was for the most part much higher than that on the southern side. Before morning they rowed some distance up one of the rivers falling into the sound, and on the following day continued their easterly course until they saw ahead of them the sand-banks of the seaward ridge.

(To be concluded.)

HOW WE HELPED UNCLE SAM PREPARE FOR WAR



WELL, I was certainly in a very bad temper. I had a good many things to make me disagreeable, and saw no particular reason why I should not be, so I was living up to my privileges. It was the middle of March, and the weather in Berlin is always bad at that time of the year; but that was not what bothered me. The "Maine" had been blown up in February, and I had found nobody to think with me about that catastrophe as I wanted them to. Naturally, I did not expect the German professors at the university to be anything but disagreeable, for they were habitually so to Americans, and I believed they were rather more disagreeable to me because I was an American naval officer. But even the American students whom I knew at the university had seemed to think that we had nothing to complain about except hard luck, and they all pooh-poohed the idea of war.

The Sunday before the last, the American preacher in the little American chapel had announced that the cause of the destruction of the Maine was perhaps the carelessness of our officers in allowing the magazine hatches to remain open at night.

I was thinking of these things and of my visit to the embassy the previous day. Having heard that our naval attaché was to arrive in Berlin from one of his numerous official flights to Spezia, to Rome, to Trieste, to Copen-

hagen, or perhaps to Vienna, I had gone to the embassy for a little sympathy from a brother officer.

Lieutenant Niblack was up to his ears in work. An anarchistic-looking gentleman was trying to sell him the formula for a smokeless powder that we had been making at Newport for years; a gun-manufacturer from South Germany was trying to sell what Niblack described as "several hundred tons of old scrap-iron"; and the passage to his room was crowded with reporters and business men, all anxious to see him on more or less important business. Then, too, every few moments a German porter would enter and deposit a yellow cablegram upon his desk, or maybe it would be a white local telegram. These latter were deposited in a basket and sent to a confidential clerk for translation. The yellow ones were immediately locked up in a tin box.

My interview with him, under these circumstances, was naturally brief. He was somewhat dispirited himself. The Spaniards had been ahead of us in Italy. They had bought one ship, and any that we could buy would not be completed for many months. I told him that I was anxious to do something, particularly anxious for sea-duty. There were reasons why, in case I should return to the United States, I would probably be assigned to shore duty; but in Europe, there being so few naval officers, I

felt certain there should be a chance for me if we only bought some vessels, and this I knew the Navy Department was anxious to do.

I was in his office only a few moments, as I said, and the few inspiring remarks I had been able to exchange with Niblack were completely driven from my mind by the exasperating interview I had immediately after with the handsome young secretary of the embassy.

He, with his cool, confident, and very superior manner, was certain there would be no war. I would be very foolish if I left the university on the chance of getting active service. We had no quarrel with Spain; we had no right to suppose she was in any way responsible for the destruction of the Maine; and, in his opinion, the Jingoës were a very poor lot of people, and much more likely to have destroyed our ship, in order to precipitate war, than the Spaniards.

I must explain that this young man had lived so long abroad that he seemed hardly to be in sympathy with America at all. I'm afraid that before I left him I said something rude.

These are some of the reasons why, on this particular afternoon, I was feeling so disagreeable as to be actually contemplating riding my bicycle across Unter den Linden, and getting myself arrested for my pains.

At this point in my reflections the maid handed me a telegram. Scrawled with a blue pencil, in large German script, was the following message: "Elbing 24-8-25-3-2-22-G. Come to Hotel Rausch, Elbing, to-night train, for three days. Wire me if coming; unofficial. Niblack." The maid had my telegram announcing that I would come filed at the telegraph office before the messenger had returned.

The train for Königsberg, Eydtkuhnen, and St. Petersburg left Berlin that night at half-past ten. I had on it a berth in the last compartment of the last sleeper. There were three other travelers in my compartment. Before it had been assigned to me I heard two men farther down the aisle talking in Spanish. Eventually I caught the words *linda rubia* ("pretty blonde girl"), which assured me they were not talking about me; and when I saw in my compartment three unmistakable Germans, I had no hesitation in turning in and sleeping soundly.

When I awoke in the morning I found that I had the car pretty much to myself. The porter gave me an empty compartment, where he brought me a very fair breakfast, and told me many interesting things about Elbing and Königsberg. He told me that the Schichau Company, at Elbing, were the greatest torpedo-boat manufacturers in the world; that they made all of the torpedo-boats for Germany, Turkey, China, Peru, and also for the United States. This last bit of information was quite a revelation to me.

At Elbing station, the porter of the Hotel Rausch took my bag, and told me he was glad to see me back; though, as a matter of fact, I did not believe he was overjoyed to see me, and I had never been in Elbing before.

It is rather an interesting town. The streets were so very crooked that we turned and twisted in a most bewildering fashion during the drive to the hotel.

I was shown to Niblack's room, and found him dressing. He entered at once into explanation. "I think I have found here," he said, "a first-class torpedo for our use that can be bought at bed-rock prices; and provided she is fast enough, I am going to buy her. I received last night from the Secretary authority to do so. But I am not going to put Uncle Sam's good dollars into any German machine until I see it work; so I am going to take that torpedo-boat out into the Gulf of Dantzic and give her a real stiff trial, American fashion. She can make twenty-four knots, according to the owners; but if she does twenty-two under my conditions I will take her. Of course this means that I will have to be out of telegraphic communication the whole day, and I dare not leave this end of the wire unattended. Therefore I want you to receive for me all telegrams of any sort. Answer all that you think of sufficient importance to require immediate answer and about which you have enough information to reply. If you are without the information, reply to them that you cannot answer for six hours. Furthermore, as nearly all of my telegrams are in cipher, I shall trust to you the navy secret code, and shall instruct you in the method of using it. I have, also, several telegrams that I wish you to send for me to the

Secretary of the Navy, explaining recent purchases of war materials that I have made. These you will have to send in cipher; and I

works, and I was introduced to Mr. Ceze, the superintendent, and then we all went down to the wharf and on board of the torpedo-boat.



"I ARRANGED THE CODE-BOOKS ON THE TABLE, AND ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THEM I PLACED A REVOLVER. AND THEN I WAS READY FOR WORK." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

think it will take you all day to transcribe them properly, and send them."

He then sent for breakfast, and as we ate he explained to me the method of using this wonderful navy secret code.

After breakfast we went to the Schichau

engines, and was a single-screw boat. Mr. Ceze told me that she had been built as an experiment, and her hull was of iron instead of steel, and on that account only had he found difficulty in disposing of her. The experiment, so far as her lines and machinery were con-

On the way we passed torpedo-boats in all conditions of completion—some in the stream, nearly completed, but many more on the stocks, lying one alongside of the other, like rowboats at a pleasure resort, pulled out of the water for winter.

"No. 420" was the boat. She was lying at the end of the wharf, and was about ready to go on her trip. She was about the size of our "Cushing." Her hull had been painted black, and her deck and upper works white; her single funnel was yellow. She was more comfortably fitted up in her tiny ward-room amidships than are our torpedo-boats, there being two state-rooms on the port side, and a pantry and bathroom on the starboard side, forward of and adjoining the ward-room. Running between these rooms and connecting the ward-room with the after conning-tower, was a small alleyway. She had but one set of

cerned, was so successful that all of his subsequent boats had been built on her lines. She had an under-water torpedo-tube forward, and two improved torpedo launching-tubes on deck.

guaranteed to make thirty-two knots an hour for two consecutive hours. They were to be the finest boats afloat of their class.

You will understand the interest that I took



"THE CREW, NOW THOROUGHLY DEMORALIZED, ABSOLUTELY REFUSED TO GO TO SEA UNLESS SHE WAS DRY-DOCKED AND INSPECTED." (SEE PAGE 421.)

Mr. Ceze assured us most emphatically that she was in every respect complete and ready for sea. This statement of his was not quite true, as subsequent events proved.

When the engineer reported steam enough, the old man who conducted all the trials for the Schichau Company told Niblack he was ready; and soon the boat had passed beyond the first bend of the river, and was out of sight on her way to the Gulf of Dantzic.

On my way back to the hotel, Mr. Ceze particularly called my attention to three torpedo-boat destroyers, of the largest size, which he was building for China. One was in the stream, and would be completed, ready for use, during the following month. Another was to be launched the next day, and would be completed in two months. These boats Mr. Ceze had

in these boats when I tell you that Niblack had arranged a deal with the Chinese government and with the Schichau Company for the United States to buy all three of them at a considerable advance on the original price, provided the consent of our government could be obtained. One of the telegrams which I was expecting was to tell me whether or not this consent was given.

On my arrival at the hotel, I found three telegrams awaiting me. Proceeding with them to Niblack's room, I closed and locked the door. I unlocked the closet, and took therefrom a sole-leather case, which I unlocked. From this I took a tin box. Unlocking this, I got at the code-books. These I arranged on the table, and on the other side of them I placed a revolver. And then I was ready for work.

The process of transferring a cablegram is very complicated, and involves a certain amount of mathematical calculation, and is, above all, an inviolable secret. Therefore I can tell you no more about the process which gave me, at the end of twenty minutes, the following telegram: "If torpedo-boat is satisfactory on trial trip, close bargain, hoist flag, and take possession immediately."

This was from the naval attaché in London. It was through him that the negotiations for the purchase of the torpedo-boat were being conducted; and from what I had been led to understand by Niblack, this telegram indicated that the boat would be sold to somebody else, or that some other party was making efforts to get her, or that there was imminent danger of war being declared and so preventing the transfer of the boat to our flag; for, of course, after a declaration of war no country which remains neutral will sell warlike material to either side.

The next telegram rather tended to confirm the belief in the imminency of war: "If one Chinese torpedo-boat can be put into commission by April 1, you are authorized to buy these boats at price named; if not, these boats are of no use to us."

I had been told that the price arranged for was about \$450,000 each; and this telegram from the Secretary of the Navy, authorizing us to make three times this expenditure, if we could secure one first-class torpedo-boat destroyer by April 1, assured me that the Navy Department, at least, was doing its utmost to be ready for war.

The third telegram authorized the purchase of several torpedo-tubes, torpedoes, and air-compressors.

I had just finished the translation of this last telegram when some one knocked at the door.

My orders were absolute—to allow no person to see the navy code-books under any circumstances; so I sang out, "Wait a minute." Then the books were closed and put in a tin box, which was locked; the key was put into my pocket; the tin box was put into the leather case; it was locked; the key was thrust under the covers of the bed; the case was put into the wardrobe; that was locked, and the key put into a vase on the mantel; and then I unlocked

the door of the room. It was the porter of the hotel with another telegram. Before translating this I proceeded to act upon the three telegrams already translated.

With regard to the purchase of torpedoes and accessories I had a telegram ready to send in expectation of just such an order. About the Chinese torpedo-boats I could get a definite answer in a few moments from Mr. Ceze. As to taking possession of No. 420, that would have to wait until Niblack returned, and then we would hoist the flag. That reminded me, I must get a flag.

I first called upon Mr. Ceze. He informed me that it was utterly impossible to expect the completion of the most advanced of the destroyers before April 15; so I told him our government must definitely refuse the offer for the purchase of these boats. He did not know where I could get a flag. A German flag—oh, yes; all the toy-stores had them; but an American flag certainly was not to be had in Elbing. If I wished, he would telephone to Königsberg and have one made; it would probably be done in three or four days. I begged him to do so.

A short tour of the shops in Elbing assured me that what he had said about the impossibility of purchasing a flag there was true. Not trusting entirely to the maker of flags in Königsberg, I sent the following telegram to Berlin: "Send immediately, by mail, the piece of silk on wall under my sword. Buy large copy of same in bunting. Send them as soon as possible."

I returned to the hotel, locked my door and unlocked the various coverings of my code-books, and proceeded to describe, in cipher, guns, ammunition, armor-piercing projectiles, smokeless powder, fuses—giving the marks, numbers, weights, and prices of each—which had been bought by Niblack, and which purchases he wished to report to the department by cable. This was a very long and tedious message, and it was well along in the afternoon when I had finished it. It was an expensive message to send, too, and I had very little money in my pocket when I returned to the hotel.

I had dinner; then, having no more telegrams to attend to, went down to the Schichau

works. The torpedo-boat was just coming in. Niblack, the captain, and the men on deck were all quite wet and cold; but Niblack looked happy.

"She made a good twenty-three," he said, as I jumped aboard. Then, as I read him the telegram from London, he turned to Mr. Ceze, saying: "I accept this torpedo-boat in the name of the government of the United States. This vessel is now United States property. Let us go to the office, Mr. Ceze, and sign the necessary papers." While he was doing this I made arrangements for hiring watchmen and workmen to take care of and clean the boat.

On the way to the hotel he told me that they had tried to fool him; but he had kept them continuously on the course, and at every attempt at fraud the boat was put back to run the course over; yet she made twenty-three knots fairly every time. The old pirate of a captain had seemed determined, however, to make him believe in the twenty-four knots; but it was not to be done.

Cablegrams were immediately sent notifying the Navy Department and the embassy in London of the completion of the purchase; and a few hours later a telegram from London announced that Lieutenant J. J. Knapp was on his way from London to take command and bring the boat to the United States.

During the rest of this day and the morning of the next Niblack and I were busily engaged in an attempt to arrange his accounts. He had been very busy for the past two months, and had spent most of his time on sleeping-cars for the past three weeks, so he had, perforce, to allow his accounts to take care of themselves. If there is one thing in the world that I can do a little worse than anything else, it is to keep accounts; and I don't think Niblack is an expert accountant. So we toiled most unhappily, but in the end achieved something like order from his chaos of receipts and account-books.

A telegram was received from the Secretary of the Navy ordering that the torpedo-boat be named "Somers." Shortly after, our mail arrived, bringing to me the silk flag that I had telegraphed for. We both went down to the wharf and aboard the boat No. 420, and I reeved the silk flag to the flag-halyards, and hoisted

the flag to the truck of the flagstaff, Niblack remarking, for the benefit of those who could understand: "I christen this boat 'Somers,' and declare her to be in commission as a man-of-war of the United States."

When we had finished this work we both felt the need of some relaxation, and we started out for a walk. This was a great day in Elbing. The launching of the Chinese torpedo-destroyer had been made the occasion for a great display on the part of the Chinese ambassador, who had come down from Berlin, bringing many of his suite, army and navy officers in full uniform, with peacock feathers and yellow jackets, and queer little square caps with round buttons on top. They were having a great banquet in honor of the successful launching, and the whole town seemed to be keeping holiday.

Then Niblack received another telegram. Its portent was deep, dire, and mysterious. I am sorry that all I can tell you about it is that it required him to leave Elbing immediately, to be gone twenty-four hours, and no time was to be lost if he would catch the afternoon train; unfortunately, he would be obliged to take his code-books with him, while still his telegrams were coming to Elbing.

My instructions now were to ask the senders of all telegrams in cipher to repeat them to me in English, if time was of sufficient importance and the case justified it; for, as Niblack said, the time for secrecy was about over, but the necessity for speed was greater than ever.

Niblack duly departed that afternoon, and I was left to "wrestle" with the situation alone. I informed the Secretary of the Navy and the embassies in London that Niblack was gone, but that I was in Elbing, ready to attend to business until he returned, which would probably be in twenty-four hours.

Nothing exciting occurred until the next morning, when I went to the railroad station and met Lieutenant Knapp, who was arriving to take command of the boat. He seemed rather surprised to see me instead of Niblack, and seemed more surprised when I explained the situation to him.

He also had Spaniards for fellow-travelers on the train from Berlin to Elbing; but, more unfortunate than I was, three of them were in the

same sleeping-compartment with him. They did not disturb him, however, and though they appeared much interested in his movements, did not leave the train at Elbing, but went on to Königsberg.

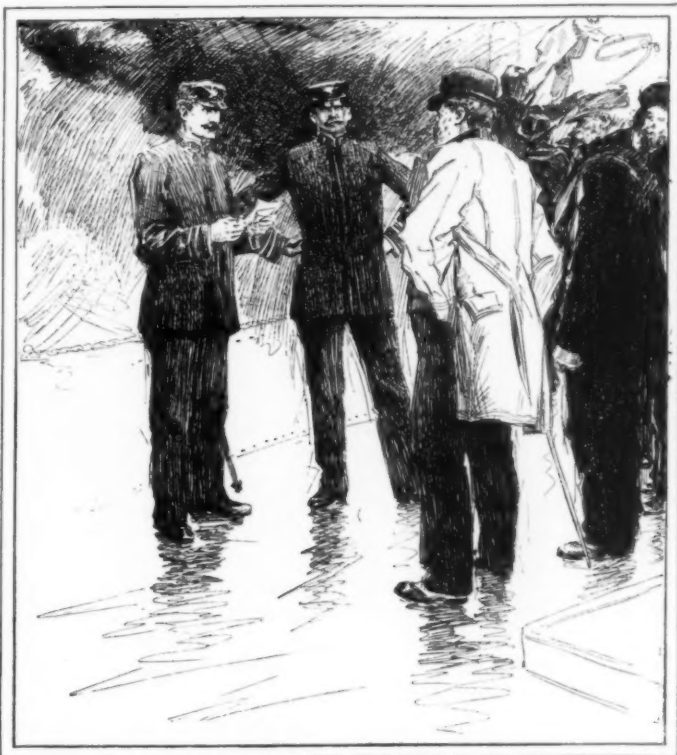
After breakfast we went on board the Somers, and Captain Knapp, as he now became, assumed command. We next had an interview with Mr. Ceze with regard to the possibility of shipping a crew to work the Somers home. We were introduced to one, a Captain Poust, whom Mr. Ceze recommended as entirely capable. The captain agreed to supply a crew and engineers from the Schichau works, with the consent of the company, to take the Somers either to England or to the United States.

It was learned, during our conversation, that all of the inhabitants of Elbing were more or less dependent upon the Schichau factory, and that it would be impossible to obtain a single man without the consent of Mr. Ceze, and this consent could not be obtained unless we were willing to engage every man through this Captain Poust. We could not even obtain a pilot and engineer to take the boat down the river and up to Königsberg or Pillau.

Captain Poust was a very candid fellow. He was then in the German Navy marine reserves, and had for some years been making a specialty of handling torpedo-boats. Before that he had been a pirate or a slaver, or a combination of both. He told me some of his adventures stealing men in the Solomon Islands, his idea being to show me that whatever reluctance

he might feel in going to sea in the Somers, to-day or to-morrow, was not due to fear.

He did not want to start for two days, and no amount in extra pay and neither promises nor threats would induce him to change his mind. The truth of the matter was that he had had his orders. He would supply the



"MR. NIBLACK TURNED TO MR. CEZE, SAYING: 'I ACCEPT THIS TORPEDO-BOAT IN THE NAME OF THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES.'"

necessary crew, coal, and provisions, and work the boat to any port in England, for seven thousand marks; and this Captain Knapp, thinking of francs, translated as fifteen hundred dollars. It was really about seventeen hundred and fifty dollars. For the trip to the United States, by way of the Azores or under convoy from England, he wanted forty thousand marks, or nearly ten thousand dollars.

Promising to give him a definite answer by telegraph that evening,—for Captain Poust was going to Pillau on business,—we left him, and

by telegraph communicated the result of our interview to the Secretary of the Navy.

We then made a tour of the shopping district, for Captain Knapp had to buy a com-

marks properly into dollars. The difficulty was surmounted by telegraphing Poust that Captain Knapp had been authorized to pay him fifteen hundred dollars, or a little over six thousand marks, and requesting a reply as to whether he would accept this sum.

Poust did not reply, and when seen in Pillau at first refused to accept these terms, but finally agreed to them.

All preparations that could be made were now pushed to the utmost rapidity, and the next day, when Niblack returned, the boat herself was ready for sea. The bunting flag I had sent for had arrived, and the silk one which had been originally hoisted was returned to me, and I have kept it ever since as a memento of a most interesting experience.

There being no more work for me to do, I now returned to Berlin. I heard later that on that same afternoon Knapp and Niblack succeeded in getting four men to help them, and with this crew they took the Somers to



"I HOISTED THE FLAG TO THE TRUCK OF THE FLAGSTAFF."

plete outfit for sea. Somewhat later we received permission from the Secretary of the Navy to engage Poust, for fifteen hundred dollars, to take the Somers to England.

Now, it transpired that, unwittingly, I had led Captain Knapp into a considerable error. When he had said, "Seven thousand marks; that is equal to fifteen hundred dollars," I had agreed with him without having made the translation; and as I had been translating for him when the necessity arose, it was certainly my fault that I had not translated the value of

Pillau. Here Poust met them with his crew, and being convinced that any further delay on his part would only result in his being left behind, he pitched in and worked like a Trojan; and the Somers left Pillau twelve hours after she arrived there, having the courtesy of the North Sea Canal extended to her by order of the German government. When she left Pillau she was still greatly lacking in necessary equipment, but she could navigate the seas, and that was all that was absolutely necessary.

Among the articles sought for in Königsberg,

but not obtained, was a set of international code signal-flags. When I heard this, I ordered from the imperial flag-maker in Berlin a set of code-flags, a commanding officer's pennant, and British and German naval ensigns.

As soon as these were finished, I took them to Hamburg, hoping to catch the Somers somewhere in the North Sea Canal; but on my arrival at Hamburg I found that she had passed through the canal early that morning, and was now on the North Sea on her way to England. It was not until more than a week later, when I sailed into the port of Weymouth, England, on board the U. S. S. "Topeka," that I succeeded in getting her signal-flags aboard her. Captain Knapp told me that from the mouth of the Elbe to Weymouth he had had a very rough trip, but he had made it in three days, averaging twelve knots an hour, which was as much as any torpedo-boat of her size could have made under similar circumstances.

When he arrived in Weymouth, he caused an inspection to be made, which showed that the Somers had not leaked a drop, in spite of her rough handling, and, considering the weather she was out in, he believed her to be a very comfortable boat.

At Weymouth an English crew was put aboard the Somers, and Captain Poust and the Germans were paid off and sent home.

The Englishmen were evidently afraid of her, for every time they put to sea in her they declared that she was leaking. Twice she was put back into port on account of these reports, and each time little or nothing was found to be the matter. The third attempt to get her to sea, in company with the Topeka, succeeded

in getting her as far as Falmouth, where we put in because the Somers had made signal that she was sinking. This report was found to be as groundless as the two previous ones. There was, however, a very slight leak about the submerged torpedo-tube; and her crew, now thoroughly demoralized, absolutely refused to go to sea unless she was dry-docked and inspected by an agent of Lloyd's.

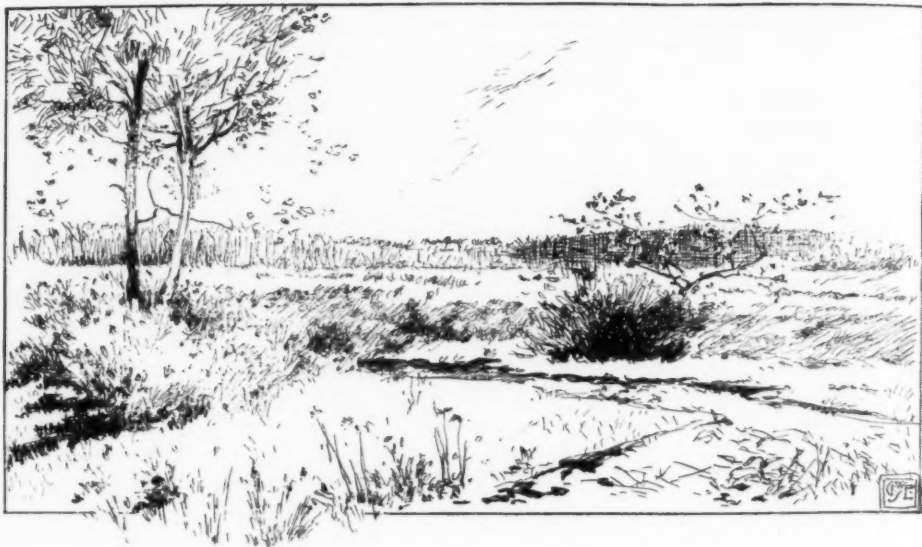
It being utterly impossible to engage a new crew for her at Falmouth, Captain Knapp was obliged to yield to their demands, and arranged to have her dry-docked.

As she was being put into the docks—whether by accident or design cannot be proved—her sailing-master ran her, head on, into a stone pier, which caused such serious damage as, without doubt, to require her to remain in dry-dock for repairs at least ten days.

This was on April 19, and as we were sure that war would be declared in a few days at the furthest, we were obliged to sail away in the Topeka without her. The day after war was declared, the English captain of the port called upon the officer in command of the Somers, and told him that Great Britain, under her proclamation of neutrality, must request him to go to sea in twenty-four hours; and if he were unable to do so, the English government would be obliged to detain the Somers in port during the continuance of the war.

And so, after all our trouble and expense, one of our torpedo-boats was left in Falmouth harbor, of no more use to us in our war with Spain than if she had remained No. 420 at the Schichau works in Elbing.





ONE KINDLY THOUGHT.

BY R. W. McALPINE.

'T WAS a fruitless year, for the earth was dry,
And the summer sun shone ruthless down
With scorching heat from a cloudless sky,
Till the fields athirst were parched and brown.
Then winter came, and food was scant,
And fuel was scarce as minted gold;
And darker than thought of death from want
Came now the thought of death from cold.

Far out on the Western prairie wide,
A mile or more their homes between,
Two neighbors dwelt—men sorely tried
By the grievous troubles that both had seen.
Each toiled early and late that he
His wife and babes from want might guard;
And each had heartfelt sympathy
For all who failed of fair reward.

Said one: "Our neighbor, much I fear,
Will soon be freezing with his brood
Before his hearthstone cold and drear;
Let 's share with him our store of wood."

"Go," said the goodwife, "while they sleep;
Give him in secret goodly share."

And from his own scant, well-saved heap
He took what load his back could bear;
And through the stormy night he sped
(Lighter his heart for the load he bore),
Guessing the snow-hid paths that led
In devious lines to his neighbor's door.

Half-way he paused. The wind was stilled;
The storm was done and the stars shone out;

His quick and startled ear was thrilled
By a panting toiler's muffled shout.
His answering cry broke on the air;
Then face to face the neighbors stood.
Two kindly men abashed stood there,
Each bending 'neath a load of wood!

Each for another that night had planned,
Had felt for him a brother's fears;
Each grasped the other's friendly hand,
And spoke his gratitude in tears.



THE SNOW MAN.

BY EDWIN EMERSON, JR.

IT snowed on the last night that the goats spent in the mountains. When daylight came, all the peaks and crags of the mountain range glimmered white in the sun.

"Let's build a snow man, before we drive the goats down," shouted Jack, the farmer's boy, "so that there'll be somebody to see us off, and to watch the shanty after we are gone."

"Good enough!" said the others. So, while Mary and Margery tied the milking-stool and pails to the horns of the biggest goat in the herd, the two boys rolled and molded piles of soft snow, until they had heaped three big balls as large as boulders side by side on the high cliff overhanging the valley below.

Then all helped. The boys shoved and tugged at the heavy wet snow until one lump was made to stand upon the other, while the girls cut and scraped the snow with shingles, so that the arms, waist, and legs of the snow man stood out quite plain. When at last the head was set on, and an old straw hat slapped over a wig of moss, the four children laughed and frisked about; but "Old Buck," the wickedest goat of the whole herd, lowered his head and wanted to butt the snow man with his big horns, so "Flip," the collie dog, had to snap and growl to make him stop.

Yet the snow man never winked, nor did he even shift the old pipe that was stuck in his

mouth. Staring straight before him with his pebble eyes, he could see the peaks of twenty mountains, while beneath him, far below, ran the dark river, past the sawmill, through the valley, and out into the plain beyond. Amid all the noise of the children and of the barking dog, he could hear the tinkling bells of other herds of goats and sheep threading their way down the mountain-side.

The children, too, heard the bells, and be-thought them of what was still to be done.

"Good-by, snow man," cried little Margery. "Don't fall off the cliff!"

"Keep good watch over the house!" shouted the farmer's boy; "and maybe we'll fill your pipe with tobacco when we come up next spring."

"Or maybe you'll get some of the sheep's salt to lick!" screamed another.

And with that they left the snow man standing on the cliff, while they trudged after their goats over the pasture and through the woods down into the valley.

The snow man heard their voices among the trees, and when he could no longer tell them, he listened to the tinkling of the bells sounding faint and fainter as the goats found their way to the lowlands. Long afterward, near sunset, he caught another glimpse of many little goats, followed by four children and a frisking speck of a dog, trailing along the valley, far below, like ants in a furrow.

He saw them cross the bridge near the saw-mill and turn to where they were lost to sight; and then, for the first time, the snow man felt lost and helpless as he looked out upon the plain, whence darkness and night were sweeping upward over the mountains and over him.

A night-hawk darted by him with a quick, sharp look at his staring face, and a screech-owl hooted dismally in the woods behind him. Then it grew very still, and the snow man could hear nothing but the wind blowing through the bare trees, and the sound of far-away water rushing over rocks.

After it had grown quite dark, and only the stars were glittering coldly overhead, the snow man fell to dreaming. He dreamed of great quiet fields of snow, untrodden by man or beast; of icebergs sliding slowly from their mountains

into the sea; of numberless snowflakes whirling in the wind; of icicles glistening from frozen waterfalls; and of long peaceful winter nights lasting for weeks and months and years.

When the gray dawn crept over the mountain-tops again, and the chill morning wind blew about his ears, the snow man tried to shake off his drowsy dreams; but, lo and behold! he had grown hard as stone; and so he remained.

Thus the days and nights passed by, with nothing to break the stillness but the snapping of frozen twigs, the yelping of the winter fox, or the occasional booming of distant fields of ice.

One day the snow man was startled out of his dreams by some mountain-sheep that came and rubbed their woolly sides against him, after making sure that he was not a hunter with a gun; but just as they were growing friendly, the sound of a falling branch in the forest frightened them, and they scurried down the side of the mountain, scattering stones and earth as they leaped from rock to rock; and he never saw them again.

Another time an eagle with powerful wings and fierce beak and claws swept over him, and perched upon the crag at his feet without so much as a glance from his sharp eyes; but before the snow man had time to get over his surprise, the eagle swooped down into the valley, and only the plaintive bleat of a lamb told the snow man where the bird of prey had struck.

At other times, however, the mountain-top was still and lonely, and the days and nights seemed so like one another that the snow man scarcely knew whether he slept or waked. So the long winter passed.

One morning the snow man was awakened from his slumbers by the loud voices of men. They were coming through the woods, striking the iron points of their sticks against the stones, and shouting to one another at the tops of their voices. Never before had the snow man heard such a noise; but perhaps that was because the wind had shifted, blowing warm over his shoulders, and carrying the sounds of what happened behind him straight past his ears.

"Oh, look at that snow man!" shouted one of the men, as they came over the pasture and

near to the shanty on the mountain-top. "I wonder who made him?"

"Let 's topple him over the cliff!" cried another.

"See me hit his head!" shouted the third, as he snatched up a snowball and flung it at the helpless snow man, who wondered what was coming next.

"We'll have our fun with him after a while," said the leader of the gang; "but now we must chop down our tree first, or it 'll grow dark before we get back to the sawmill."

"All right," said the other men. So they went to work at a tall tree near by, first climbing up it with ropes and hand-saws to cut away some of the largest branches, and then chopping the trunk with their long axes, after they had carefully measured out a clear space of ground where the tree might have a clean fall. Soon two of the men took to sawing the trunk with a great double saw, working away on the other side of the gaping cleft that had been chopped with the axes, until the tree began to totter. They quickly dropped their tools and ran over to the other side of the clearing, where they hauled on a stout rope tied above. The tottering tree gave way with an awful crash, breaking its branches as it fell.

Then the wood-choppers stripped the trunk of all its branches, and peeled off the bark until the tree lay as a naked pole. At last they heaved each end of the pole on two wood sledges they had dragged after them all the way up from the valley.

"Now let 's build a bonfire to show the folks down in the mill where we are!" said the leader.

"How about that snow man?" asked the youngest fellow. "You said we were to have some fun with him."

"Sure enough," grunted the old man. "We don't want to forget him, or he 'll believe he owns the mountain. What do you say to roasting him in our fire just as if he was a captive Indian at the stake, so he can melt and put out the fire after we 're gone?"

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"That 's just what we will do!" shouted the other fellows; and running here and there for wood, they piled up so much underbrush around the poor snow man that only his bare head stuck out—for he had lost his hat and wig long ago during the wild blasts of the winter storms.

"Here goes!" said a voice behind him, as he heard a queer snapping sound; and the next minute thick smoke was curling around his



"AN EAGLE WITH POWERFUL WINGS AND FIERCE BEAK AND CLAWS SWEPT OVER HIM."

face and blurring everything before his eyes. Then the smoke blew away, and his back began to feel uncomfortably warm, while the youngest of the wood-choppers danced around him, leaping over the crackling flames, brandishing a hatchet, and yelling like a savage:

"Why is thy face so white, pale-face?
Why are thine eyes so bright, pale-face?
What makes him draw deep breath?
Is he afraid of death?
Never a word he saith;
Dumb is the pale-face!"

"Why is thy face so dark, pale-face?
 Why are thy limbs so stark, pale-face?
 What makes him stand so still?
 Peace! He has had his fill.
 That is the way we kill.
 Dead is the pale-face!"



"THE YOUNGEST OF THE WOOD-CHOPPERS DANCED AROUND HIM, BRANDISHING A HATCHET."

"Whether he 's dead or alive, he certainly ain't any pale-face any more," broke in the old man, "for the smoke 's roasted him brown." But the wretched snow man was too far gone to listen to what they said; nor did he hear their noisy laughter and shouts of warning ringing through the woods as they dragged their sledges down the mountain-side and out of sight, for louder than all their din in his

ears rang the roaring flames about him as they lapped fiercely up his back and licked about his sides with a sickening, sizzling sound.

When the flames at last sank down, at nightfall, the poor snow man felt faint unto death,

and it was all he could do not to grovel on the ground in his weakness. Yet, when the stars rose, one by one, and went spinning on their dizzy way through the blue-black night, and the glimmering mountain peaks once more shone forth behind the dark drifting clouds, the dying snow man fell to dreaming for the last time.

While his body was sinking beneath him, his soul soared up to heights never reached before, where the great north light sheds all the colors of the rainbow over vast glistening fastnesses of ice—where all the restless waves of mighty seas are gripped tight in frozen fetters, and where slow, gliding glaciers move down from the mountains to the plain, while giant snowballs are hurled from crag to crag, crushing all that comes in their way.

The snow man awoke from his death-dream with a start, and as he tried to straighten himself up, his hot, smoke-bleared eyes fell out of their hollow sockets. But though he could no longer see, he could hear, coming up from

the valley below, the far-off sounds of the wood-choppers dragging their clumsy sledges to the sawmill.

The heart of the suffering snow man was filled with wrath—with wrath at the men who had mocked his death; with wrath at those who had fashioned him from the peaceful snow of the meadow; with wrath at the whole breed of men, meddling with what was greater than

their puny life, and forever spoiling what was not theirs.

Holding himself up no longer, the helpless snow man pitched forward on his blind face. He spread his arms wide so as to gather up all the snow that overhung the steep cliff, and plunged down the abyss, carrying with him a cloud of snow.

When the heavy mass of wet slush that was the snow man struck the mountain-side below, it slid downward, catching up more snow as it went; it tumbled over other cliffs, whirling like a ball as it leaped and bounded from edge to edge, growing greater and greater with every bound. Soon it was as big as a barn; then it grew as tall as a tower, uprooting trees and rocks as it rushed headlong, until, crashing into the valley, it seemed as though the whole side of the mountain had been torn away and hurled down!

When the wood-choppers heard the thunders of the avalanche behind them, they dropped everything and fled for their lives to the sawmill.

But the giant snowball heeded them not. With one enormous bound it reached the bridge, smashing it to splinters. It struck the roof of the sawmill, and overwhelmed the four buildings, with the great lumber-yard behind them, as a great wave might overwhelm a cockle-shell. Then it spread itself out and slid into the river-bed, forcing the waters far up the banks and over the dam of the mill-race. And there it lay.

But where the sawmill had stood, its windows lighted, its wheels clattering and buzz-

saw whizzing, there now was nothing to be seen but a mass of snow, with here and there a beam or broken roof-tree sticking up out of the waste.

Afterward, when spring had come, and the farmers' children once more drove the goats

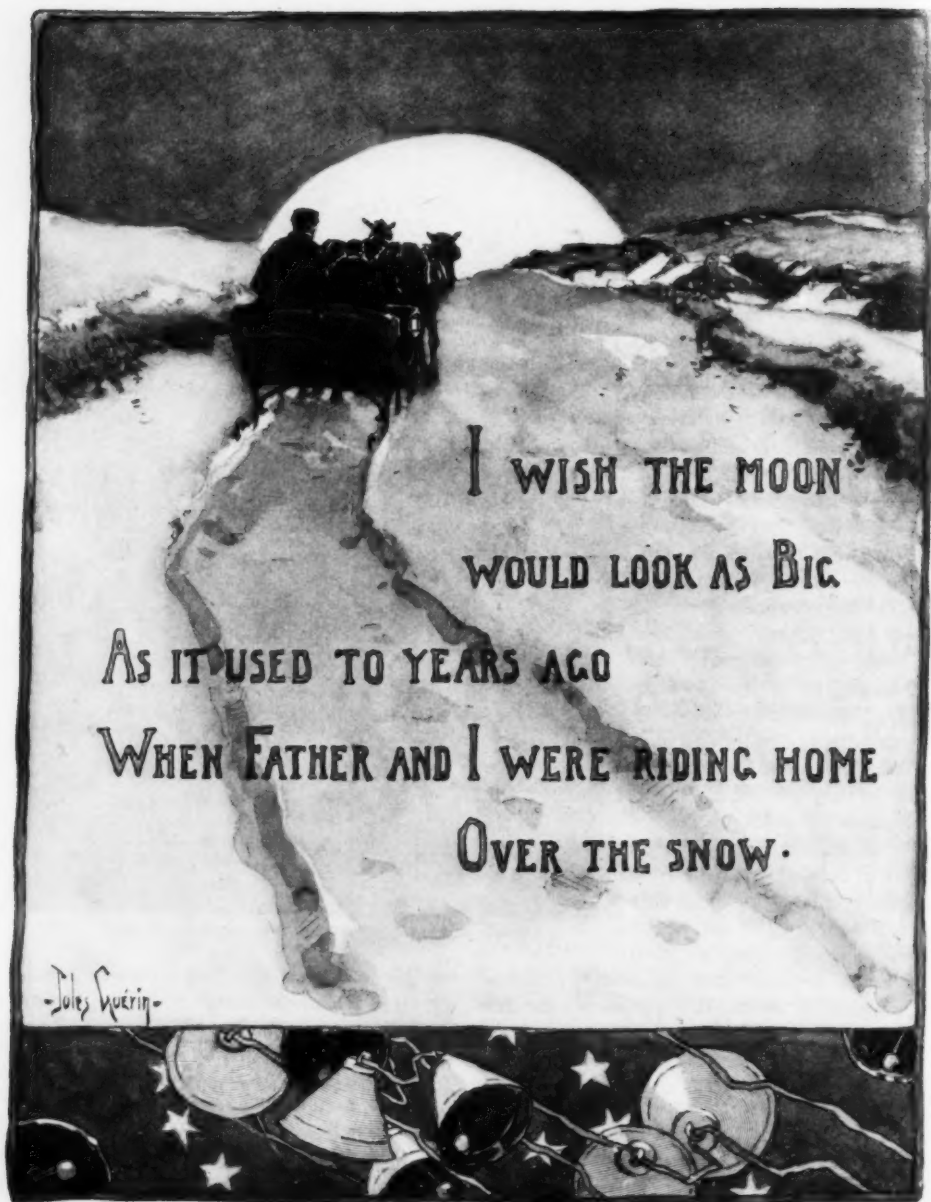


"IT SEEMED AS THOUGH THE WHOLE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN HAD BEEN TORN AWAY."

up the mountain, they had to wade through the creek where the bridge had been; and the goats clambered about over the disordered and abandoned ruins of what had once been a busy sawmill. Such was the snow man's work.

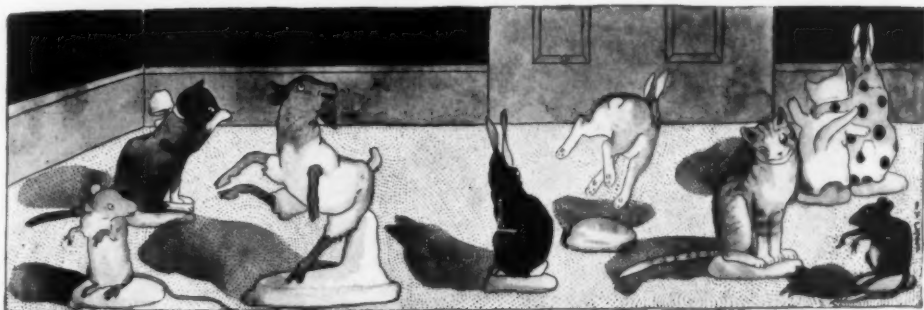
THE OLD MOON.

By D. H. BARRON.



THE CHINA ANIMALS.

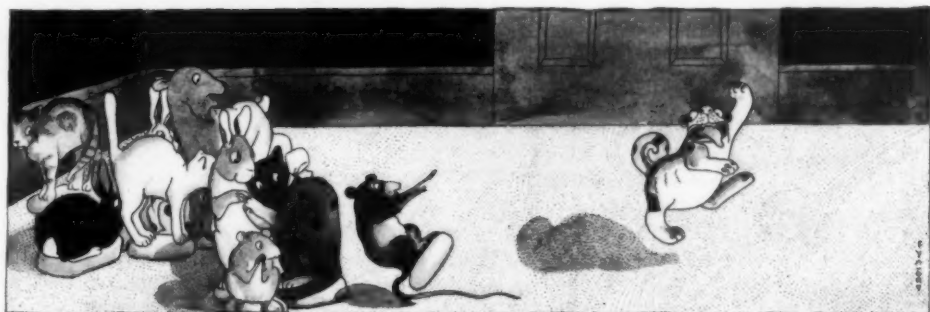
BY ELIZABETH CARTWRIGHT.



Oh, after Nell was asleep in bed,
And mother had shut the door,
The china animals used to play
All over the nursery floor.

The mice would twitter, the goats would skip,
The kittens would purr and mew —
Till Wah, the Chinaman, gave to Nell
A terrible Wang-go-doo.

Now the china animals quake with fear
When mother has shut the door,
And the terrible Wang-go-doo alone
Ramps over the nursery floor!

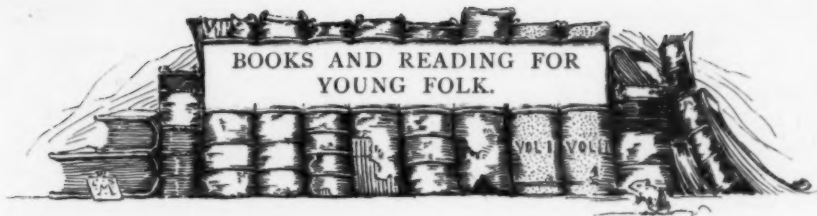




THE TAMING OF THE MARCH HARE.

By CHRISTOPHER VALENTINE.

ONE day I saw a curious sight I could not understand.
'T was twilight as I rode alone, afar in prairie land,
When suddenly a bounding hare came scurrying swiftly by,
And on his back a pygmy rode! In vain the hare did try
To shake him off: the pygmy clung in true "Rough Rider" style;
He pulled the reins, he shouted, and plied his whip the while.
So plucky was the little mite, despite myself I cheered.
"Hurrah!" I cried. And, at the word,—both creatures disappeared!



IN answering the question in the January number of *St. Nicholas*—"What was the first story-book published for children?"—it would be somewhat of a study to find in the mass of material the true foundation of juvenile literature.

In the Warner "Library of the World's Best Literature," to which the following account owes its authority, there is much information concerning folk-lore and fairy-tales.

All the popular fairy-tales have, ordinarily, been handed down orally. The first collection of European tales was made in 1550, by Straparola, who published his "*Notte Piacévola*" at Venice. It was afterward translated into French, and was probably the origin of the "*Contes des Fées*." These were all compilations, but the real story-books written for children came more than a century later.

In 1696 there appeared a story by M. Charles Perrault, called "*La Belle au Bois Dormant*" (our "*Sleeping Beauty*"). This was printed in the "*Recueil*," a magazine published by one Moetjens at The Hague. A year later a collection of seven more tales, under the title of "*Contes du Temps Passé, avec des Moralités*," was made by P. Darmancour, whose father, Perrault, wrote them down from a nurse's stories. The seven mentioned are "*Little Red Riding-hood*," "*Bluebeard*," "*Puss in Boots*," "*The Fairy*," "*Cinderella*," "*Riquet with the Tuft*," and "*Hop o' my Thumb*."

THE conductors of this department think that its readers must consider them to be like the conductors on the street-cars, who always manage to find room for one more. You should see the pile of letters containing our correspondents' lists of books! And these lists are all so good, too. They contain excellent suggestions, and, in general, they prove

that the old favorites which have won their way to the front will remain there. In spite of the reinforcements arriving daily from modern steam-presses, the mass of new books cannot drive the Old Guard from the field. Some new favorites, of course, are welcomed, but names longer known make up most of the lists.

The number of votes for each author is not vitally important, for in matters of taste the weight of numbers cannot always prevail.

Some of the older books do seem a little neglected. "*The Swiss Family Robinson*" and "*Robinson Crusoe*" have not been often mentioned; and Thackeray is far from receiving his due, only a few mentioning his delicious "*Rose and Ring*," one of the most entertaining stories for children. Dickens finds hosts of friends—indeed, almost leads the list. Shakspeare, Sir Walter Scott, Miss Alcott, Frank R. Stockton, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mary Mapes Dodge, Mrs. Jamison, Lewis Carroll, Susan Coolidge, Rudyard Kipling, G. A. Henty, R. L. Stevenson, Kirk Munroe, Juliana Horatia Ewing, J. T. Trowbridge, Mrs. Lothrop, T. B. Aldrich, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Washington Irving, Mark Twain, and Miss Yonge seem to find the most advocates, and after these the votes scatter a little more, but still tend to group themselves about these names: Mrs. L. E. Richards, Mrs. Gaskell ("*Cranford*"), De Foe ("*Robinson Crusoe*"), Charles Kingsley, Longfellow, Thackeray, Mrs. Jackson ("*Denise and Ned Toodles*"), Mrs. Brush ("*Colonel's Opera Cloak*"), Mrs. Deland, John Bennett ("*Master Skylark*"), Joel Chandler Harris ("*Uncle Remus*"), Howard Pyle, E. E. Hale, "*Swiss Family Robinson*," Jules Verne, Molly Elliot Seawell, Ruskin, Cooper. Other authors have fewer followers among the list-makers, but these names occur at least once: Coventry

Patmore ("Child's Garland of Verse"), Jane G. Austin, R. H. Davis, George Macdonald, Anstey ("Vice Versa"), Miss Edgeworth, Edward Eggleston, Charles Dudley Warner, H. Butterworth, R. D. Blackmore ("Lorna Doone"), Mrs. Meade, Mrs. Champney, W. H. Shelton, Dr. Mitchell, W. D. Howells, Thomas Hughes, Dr. John Brown, G. W. Cable.

It may be said, in criticism, that the lists are rather unsystematic in their choices. They show little judgment as between really good books and books that are merely pleasant reading.

Cooper and Washington Irving, for instance, are, like Thackeray, foolishly neglected by young readers. Miss Alcott's books are certainly charming, but they should be read with discrimination. Most of them are rather popular than great, and in many respects must be ranked far below work such as has been done by Mrs. Ewing and Miss Yonge.

The *amount* of pleasure given by reading a book is not the chief test of its value, even from a literary point of view. The *sort* of pleasure a book gives is far more important. Books, for instance, that merely hold the interest until the plot is known, and that can be read with the greatest satisfaction only the first time, are seldom of the most worth. Books with which the reader always finds himself in agreement can do him little good.

Let us know, next, what books you have found of the most value to you—books you have enjoyed best on a second or a third reading. Let us know, also, what characters you admire in literature, what characters you would prefer to be like in some respect. And do not forget to give your reasons.

WE print a few of the many letters received, giving the lists as their writers made them. Some, as you will see, are from young, others from older correspondents:

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Seeing in the January number of ST. NICHOLAS the inquiry of a correspondent for a short list of books for the inmates, under fourteen years, of an orphan asylum, we inclose a list. Hoping that it will meet the requirements of the correspondent, we remain,

Very truly yours,

MARGARET CARRINGTON,
S. EVELYN BAYLOR.

1. The Wide, Wide World, Wetherell.
2. Sara Crewe, Burnett.
3. Little Lord Fauntleroy, Burnett.
4. Robinson Crusoe, De Foe.
5. Parent's Assistant, Edgeworth.
6. Pilgrim's Progress, Bunyan.
7. Fairy Tales, Andersen.
8. Lady Jane, Jamison.
9. Stories Told to a Child, Ingelow.
10. Little Men, Alcott.
11. Little Women, Alcott.
12. Old-fashioned Girl, Alcott.
13. Alice in Wonderland, Carroll.
14. Water Babies, Kingsley.
15. Young Marooners, Soulding.
16. Canada Settlers, Marryat.

RICHMOND HILL, L. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old, and I think the ST. NICHOLAS is the very nicest magazine I ever saw. I am taking ST. NICHOLAS my second year. I saw in one of the numbers that some children had made a list of the twelve books they would take if they were left on a desert island, and I thought I would send a list of the books I would take.

They are the following:

1. Marjory and her Neighbors.
2. Eight Cousins.
3. Little Women.
4. Jack and Jill.
5. Five Little Peppers, and How They Grew.
6. Rudder Grange.
7. Uncle Sam's Secrets.
8. Captain January.
9. Little Lord Fauntleroy.
10. A volume of ST. NICHOLAS.
11. The Lady of the Lake.
12. The Children's Shakspeare.

It was very hard for me to make out this dozen, for there are so many books I like.

Good-by.

MARY LOUISE SANDERS.

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Four of our seven children can read books for themselves, and they possess several hundred books of their own; so I have carefully made a list of the books that each one has read and re-read and then read over again. A few are the special favorites of the two older children, and I hope will also be of the younger. They (the children) are equally divided in sex, and I think their list would be excellent reading for boys and girls from eight to fourteen years of age.

Hans Brinker, Dodge.
Eight Cousins, Alcott.
Rose in Bloom, Alcott.
Little Women, Alcott.
Little Men, Alcott.
Jo's Boys, Alcott.
Old-fashioned Girl, Alcott.
Helen's Babies, Habberton.
Christmas Stories, Dickens.
Tom Sawyer, Mark Twain.
Life on the Mississippi, Mark Twain.
Alice in Wonderland, Carroll.
Through the Looking-glass, Carroll.
Jack Harkaway, Hemyng.

Ting-a-ling Tales, Stockton.
 The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Ale-
 shine, Stockton.
 The Dysantes, Stockton.
 The Story of Viteau, Stockton.
 A Jolly Fellowship, Stockton.
 The Floating Prince, Stockton.
 The Third Alarm, Ford.
 Captains Courageous, Kipling.
 Tales from Shakspeare, Lamb.
 Ten Boys, Andrews.
 The Battle of New York, Stoddard.
 Capital Stories by American Authors, Hawthorne.
 The Boys of '76, Coffin.
 Greek Heroes, Kingsley.
 Boy Life of Napoleon, Tod.
 The Christmas Country, Safford.

And all bound volumes of ST. NICHOLAS and the unbound late ones.

MRS. JAMES A. RICHARDSON.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In reply to your request for good books for young folks, I thought that I would send you the list of books I have greatly enjoyed. I am thirteen years old. The books are:

Robinson Crusoe, De Foe.
 A Boy's Town, Howells.
 Story of a Bad Boy, Aldrich.
 Uncle Remus, Harris.
 Tales from Shakspeare, Lamb.
 Mark Twain's books.
 G. W. Cable's books.
 Kirk Munroe's books.
 Gilbert Parker's books.
 American Statesmen Series.
 American Men of Letters Series.

Your young admirer,

WILLIAM KERNAN DART.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been thinking of what books I like best, and so has my sister, who is ten years and five months old. Here is her list:

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, Carroll.
 Alice Through the Looking-glass, Carroll.
 The Jungle Books, Kipling.
 Uncle Remus, Harris.
 Cast Up by the Sea, Baker.
 Tales from Shakspeare, Lamb.
 Birds' Christmas Carol, Wiggin.
 Hiawatha, Longfellow.
 A Man Without a Country, Hale.
 The Swiss Family Robinson.
 Two Little Pilgrims' Progress, Burnett.
 Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates, Dodge.

I am eleven years and ten months old and have made this list:

Captains Courageous, Kipling.
 The Jungle Books, Kipling.
 Soldiers Three, and Military Tales, Kipling.
 A Man Without a Country, Hale.
 Ivanhoe, Scott.
 Cast Up by the Sea, Baker.
 A Midsummer-night's Dream, Shakspeare.
 Pickwick Papers, Dickens.
 The Birds' Christmas Carol, Wiggin.
 The Story of a Bad Boy, Aldrich.
 The Fur-seal's Tooth, Munroe.
 A Child's History of Rome, Bonner.

Your affectionate reader,

CHARLES LACLY HALL.

VOL. XXVI.—55.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a girl of eleven years, and simply love books. I made out a list of my favorites, and it is as follows:

1. Swiss Family Robinson.
2. Ivanhoe, Scott.
3. Pathfinder, Cooper.
4. Last of the Mohicans, Cooper.
5. Old Curiosity Shop, Dickens.
6. Old-fashioned Girl, Alcott.
7. Little Women, Alcott.
8. Little Men, Alcott.
9. Jo's Boys, Alcott.
10. Donald and Dorothy, Dodge.

If I were wrecked on a desert island, "Swiss Family Robinson" would be my first book, as it is so full of valuable knowledge. The others are interesting books, I think. Can you recommend any nice books for a girl of my age? I like them a little deep, so that I can think over them. My little brother of six years likes being read to. Perhaps you know of some books he would like. He has read "The Seven Little Sisters," "Each and All," "The Story Hour," a few fairy-tales, and the "Wagner Story-book."

I am so glad you are having a department for books, as they are so interesting. Yours sincerely,

FRIDA S—.

"THE books which help you most are those which make you think the most. The hardest way of learning is by easy reading: every man that tries it finds it so. But a great book that comes from a great thinker,—it is a ship of thought, deep freighted with truth, with beauty too. It sails the ocean, driven by the winds of heaven, breaking the level sea of life into beauty where it goes, leaving behind it a train of sparkling loveliness, widening as the ship goes on. And what treasures it brings to every land, scattering the seeds of truth, justice, love and piety, to bless the world in ages yet to come."

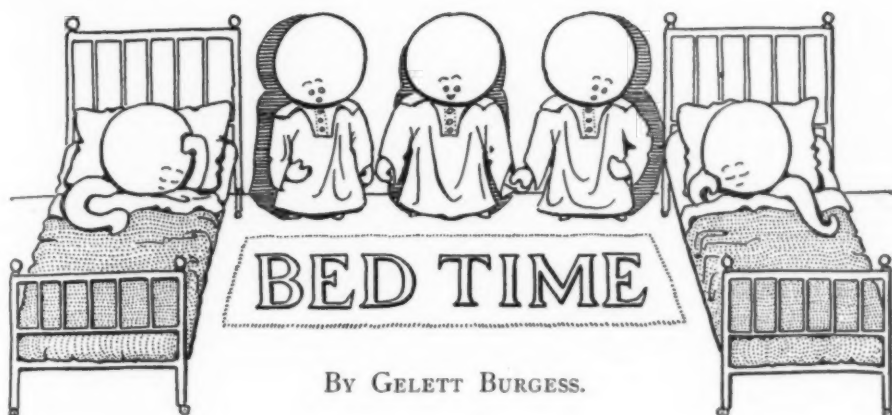
—Theodore Parker.

In a list of books published in this department in January "Six to Sixteen" was credited by accident to Miss Yonge. Our readers know that it is by Juliana Horatia Ewing.

We thank the correspondents whose names follow, for their interesting letters and excellent lists of books for young folk:

G. Leslie, G. E. Jackson, Irene Warren, N. A. Westover, Bowinis Wood, G. C., E. N., Bessie Miller, Katharine Carr, Joanna Carr, Ida M., Montgomery R. Smith, I. May Bartan, Mary W. Lienau, W. S. Carter, Eleanor Bush.



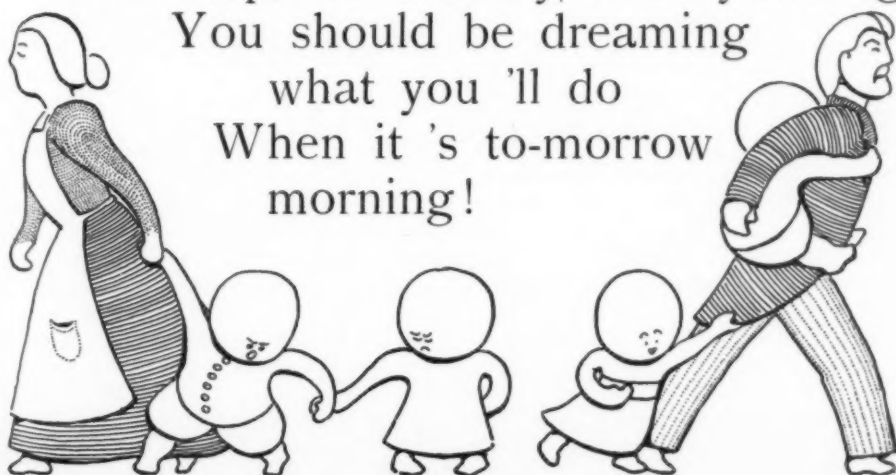


BY GELETT BURGESS.

THE night is different from the day,
It 's darker in the night.
How can you ever hope to play,
When it 's no longer light?

When bed time comes it 's time for
you

To stop, for while you 're yawning,
You should be dreaming
what you 'll do
When it 's to-morrow
morning!



CURRENT EVENTS.

LEADING PROVISIONS OF THE TREATY WITH SPAIN.

SPAIN cedes to the United States all the islands of the West Indies under her sovereignty, the island of Guam (one of the Ladrões), and the Philippine Islands.

Her shipping is to be admitted into Philippine ports, for a period of ten years, under the same conditions as that of the United States.

Spanish soldiers are to be returned to Spain at the expense of the United States. Spain retains all flags and materials of war belonging to her in the Philippines and the island of Guam. Upon the ratification of the treaty by both governments, all prisoners of war are to be released, and Spain agrees to evacuate her former territory.

The United States agrees to settle all claims of its citizens against Spain. Inhabitants of the territory ceded to the United States by Spain are assured of religious freedom.

THE OUTLOOK IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Whether the treaty be accepted or not, the United States and Spain will remain at peace, so far as actual fighting is concerned. A rejection of the terms may cause much diplomatic activity, but the guns will be at rest. In the Philippines, however, the future is not so smiling. The United States has been forced to send more troops and more ships to the islands, as the natives have attacked the American soldiers. Probably the mass of the Philippine Islanders know little of what they are fighting for, and, under scheming and self-seeking leaders, they may bring great troubles upon themselves and also upon the United States.

Many Americans believe that the Philippines should be free, but that is a question for the future. At present, order must be maintained by some authority. Spain, having lost all moral right in the islands because of her oppression of the people, and all legal right through the victories of the United States, is out of the argument. The Filipinos, having

had no experience in government, and being a semi-savage people, cannot expect the other nations of the earth to put confidence in their management. This leaves the duty upon the shoulders of the United States.

AMERICAN FINANCE.

One reason why Americans are anxious to see the Oriental nations adopt our ideas of civilization is that our trade with them would be largely increased thereby. If they build railroads, start factories, electric-light and power plants, and similar industries, the United States will share largely in the business of supplying the necessary materials.

We have sold to European countries, of late, so much more of our products than they have sold us of theirs that they are now greatly in our debt. In November, 1898, the balance in our favor was nearly eighty million dollars.

The report from the Treasury of the United States shows that the money supply in the country is greater than it has ever been before. All of which is very welcome news. It means the beginning of great enterprises that never could have been started in the "hard times" of several years ago.

THE "IRON HORSE" SEEKS PASTURES NEW.

The United States is not the only progressive nation in the world, however. Russia is building a railroad over the dreary steppes of Siberia, at an enormous expense. The finished road will be nearly five thousand miles long. Great Britain is pushing the construction of another across equatorial Africa. Sweden lays ties and rails for a road in the arctic regions. And it is said that a company is about to start a line through the Andes Mountains, which will be for miles at an elevation of ten thousand feet above the sea-level. That is a railroad in the clouds! The company hopes to complete its preliminary survey by the last of March, after which the actual work of construction will be pushed.

H. W. P.

THE LETTER-BOX.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"P. B., aged 13," is the signature of an alert young critic in London, who points out that the item in "Current Events" of the January number should read, "They met the Mahdists under the Khalifa at Omdurman," instead of "at Khalifa" as there printed. We thank the young historian.

The incidents of Rarey's life brought out by Mr. House in "Bright Sides of History" this month form an interesting supplement to the article on the great horse-tamer in the February St. NICHOLAS.

OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for one year and a month, and I like you very much. I live in Oakland. I have one pet, a St. Bernard dog. He is large and very fat, and his name is "Dewey." Dewey has a big lot to play in, and my friend Allen Standish has a dog, and I have another friend that has a dog, and the three dogs have a lot of fun in the lot. A carpenter came here the other day, and he built us boys the frame of a little house, and we boys are going to build the rest of it. We play with our dogs and have a lot of fun. The other dogs are a Gordon setter and a little white dog, and they run all around the place—first the little white dog, and then the Gordon setter, and then old, fat Dewey. About one month ago the electric car ran over Dewey and broke his leg; but papa sent him to the hospital, and the leg got well again, and now it is as well as ever. I have one sister. She is about two weeks old, and she has light-blue eyes, and is very cunning. I go to a school that is a very nice school. It has a private teacher. My cousin has her, too. I go to school in the morning, but not in the afternoon, when I build that house I told you about, and my friends help me. I am eight years old, but Dewey is only six months old.

Your affectionate reader,

CHRISTIAN A. MILLER.

FORTALEZA, CEARÁ, BRAZIL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are all so delighted with your birthday number that I could not help writing to tell you so. A cousin has been sending you to us for over nine years, and I don't know what we could do without you. I like all the stories, but my favorites are "Lady Jane," "Jack Ballister's Fortunes," "Polly Oliver's Problem," "Master Skylark," and "Miss Nina Barrow." I take especial interest now in the St. NICHOLAS because of the stories about the war. "Chuggins" and "Margaret Clyde" won a place in all our hearts.

My sister is enlarging the pictures of the American heroes to give me at Christmas. Sampson, Dewey, and Hobson are the ones we like best.

That is a very nice plan of Lavinia De Forest's. There are only newspapers in this part of Brazil, however, so I have not even pictures of our own great men, who are, as yet, but few. Our most famous men are Carlos Gomes, who wrote our national hymn, which Gottschalk arranged so magnificently, and José d'Alen-

car, a Cearense author, to whom a statue has lately been erected at Rio de Janeiro. He wrote a novel which gave to this state the name of the "Land of Iracema." Another work of his, "Guarany," is the most beautiful tale I know of. I wish some one would translate it. It furnished the theme for Carlos Gomes's most famous opera, "Guarany."

The 15th of November is the Brazilian Fourth of July, because on that day it ceased to be an empire. I can't forgive the Brazilians yet for the way they treated our dear old emperor.

My two younger sisters and I have started a little paper we call "The Three Graces." We asked our little sister Carrie to write a story for us, and she said, "Then the paper ought to be called 'The Four Graces'!" She does sums in "subscrachin," and has learned what she calls a "grammatic scale." She is learning "Table Manners" by heart, and whatever thing we do at the table that is worthy of reproof, we remind each other of the Goops!

Wishing you many, many happy birthdays, I remain

Your constant reader,

VIRGINIA R. WARDLAW.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have had your magazine for about eighteen years in the family, and I always had it read to me until I could read it myself, and I enjoy it very much.

We have just returned from Europe, where we stayed nine months. During July and August we were in Switzerland. From Zermatt my brother and myself ascended the Breithorn, which is 4171 meters, or 13,685 feet, high. It is not difficult to ascend, although rather high.

We left the hotel with our guide about three in the afternoon, and arrived at the hut, where we slept that night, about six. The hut was at a height of 9800 feet. The next morning we left at four, before it was light, so as to get back before the snow had become too soft from the heat of the sun. After leaving the hut we walked for about an hour over a snow-covered glacier. We then halted, and were tied together by the guide with a rope. During the next hour and a half we first ascended a steep slope, and then crossed a large plain entirely covered with snow, and at the end of that time we were at a height of 12,000 feet. We had still a very high, steep snow-slope to climb before we reached the top. This we found very difficult to do, as the very thin air prevented us from climbing more than a hundred feet without resting, and although the slope was only about 1700 feet high, it took us more than an hour and a half to reach the top.

When we arrived there we had a wonderful view. To the west was the Mont Blanc and Matterhorn, to the north the Bernese Alps, and to the east the Monte Rosa, while in every direction were high snow-peaks; and in all we could see several hundred glaciers. We were too late to see the sunrise, which is sometimes very beautiful in the mountains. There were about fifteen travelers and guides on the top when we were there. We left the summit at half-past eight, and arrived at Zermatt about two, having stopped at the hut for some luncheon. In all we were gone less than twenty-four hours.

As we left Zermatt the same day, we could not do any more climbing. I remain your reader,

KIERSTEAD HUDSON.

THIS little letter came on a postal card:

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in the Cincinnati Orphan Asylum. We have about a hundred children in this institution. We have a nice front lawn. Most of the children go to school. We have two cars to play in, and have a pet cat. We have a good time playing together. We seldom have quarrels.

This is the first time a letter came from this institution. We like the stories about "The Arrival of Jimpson" and "Chuggins: A Tale of Santiago."

Yours truly,

LOUIS L. JAHN.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been to the Brooklyn Navy-yard twice—the first time to call on Admiral Miller, on board the "Brooklyn," just before she sailed for the Queen's Jubilee. That day I went all over the Brooklyn, and saw the "Maine," for she was lying right beside the Brooklyn.

Last month I was invited to the Navy-yard to see the war-ships that had come back from Santiago. The lieutenant met us at the gate of the yard. He took us first to the "Oregon," which was in the dry-dock, having one of her big screws straightened, and her keel painted red. We went up ladders, and down ladders, and all over the big ship. I was very much interested in seeing Cervera's own small boat, which the men on the Oregon had captured.

Just as we were leaving the Oregon, Captain Sigsbee was introduced to us. When he found that I was interested in the war, he said: "Please shake hands with me again, then." He is much better-looking than his pictures, and very nice to talk with.

Next I went on board the "New York." She is so very big that even the sailors have plenty of room, and the officers have very handsome "quarters," as they call their rooms. The sailors were reading, writing, sewing on little machines, or sound asleep. They had a goat and a cat for pets. I saw the big torpedoes and all the big guns. One of the officers gave me a band for my sailor cap with "New York" in gold on it.

Then we went aboard the torpedo-boat "Cushing," which looks too small for grown men to live on. It was just the shape of a cigar.

They gave us a Mauser rifle from the "Vizcaya," a button off a sailor's cap from the "Maria Teresa," and a piece of the wheel that was in the conning-tower on the Maine. I had a very interesting time.

ANTOINETTE REEVE BUTLER (aged ten years).

SEE what a traveled young contributor has to tell us:

CANTON, CHINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have always meant to write to tell you how much I like your magazine, but somehow have never done so till now. I think it is the nicest magazine I know of for children; the English ones can't compare with it. My father is an official in the employ of the Chinese government, but we are Americans, and I will be glad to go back to our home near Boston in 1899. I have lived in America for two and a half years, and find it the nicest place to live in.

I am living in Canton now with my parents and brother, who is four years younger than I. I am twelve. We live on an island in the Pearl River, near the great city of Canton, which has been lent for the English, Germans, and French to live on. It is a mile and a third round, and is just like a little green park. There is a small Episcopal church, a club for the gentlemen, where there is a good library supplied with

many English and American papers, a boat club, and a tennis club, to all of which we belong.

Nevertheless I get rather dull sometimes, as there are no children of my own age to play with, and am obliged to do all my lessons by myself. It gets very hot here, as we are in the tropics, and we have a long summer of about nine months.

Although we live so near this big city we do not see much of it, as it is too hot to go in often. Awhile ago I went for a ride right through the city in a sedan-chair to a beautiful park, that used to belong to a Chinese mandarin, but now is owned by the English. I found it very interesting. The streets are so narrow it seems as if the chair could not get through, and the houses are built so that their roofs almost touch the roofs of the houses on the other side of the street. The shops are open right on to the street, and the dwellings are back of the shops. The boat-people living in boats on the river are very interesting to watch. Most of them live in small boats called "sampan," which are about eighteen feet long. There is a curving roof over the middle of the sampan, under which is a tiny room furnished with benches, where the occupants sleep. In front and behind are small decks, and the back one is used for a kitchen. Often many people live in one little boat, and they make a little money by taking passengers across the river. They are born, live, and die in the same sampan, but seem very happy, and are quite clean in their habits.

I have traveled a good deal, having been twice around the world. I have lived in Peking and Shanghai as well as Canton, and have visited Germany and Italy, both of which countries I like very much; but I like America best, and shall be glad to get back and settle down to school.

I remain, with best wishes and many thanks for your nice magazine,

Yours sincerely,

KATHLEEN DREW.

BERLIN, GERMANY.

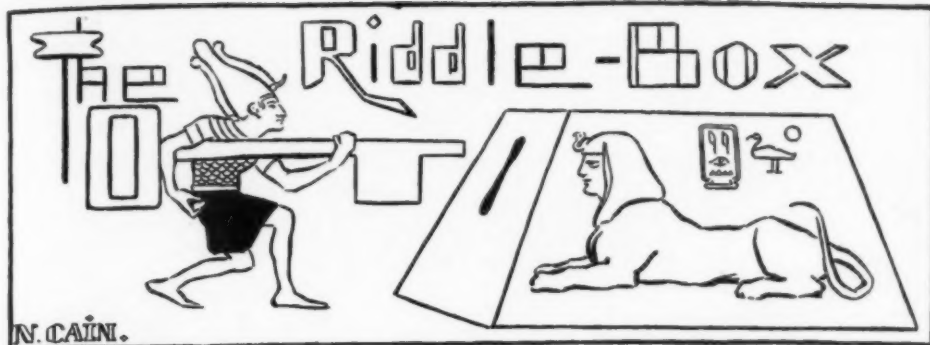
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Every one knows that Emperor William made his famous Palestine trip. The other day the whole city was in gala attire to welcome back their Kaiser to his capital. He rode on horseback from the Bellevue Schloss to the Stadt Schloss.

We had very good places near the Brandenburger Thor. The Emperor passed very slowly, and we had a splendid view of him, and I feel sure he gave us a special salute.

The Emperor is a great man, and his people can justly be proud of him. Your constant reader, P. R. D.

WHO will describe the Brandenburger Thor, the Bellevue Schloss, and the Stadt Schloss?

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Phyllis Rice, Dorothy Doyle, Walter Wolf Caffyn, George Whitney Calhoun, Elizabeth Gugenheim, D. B. and N. B., Catherine Potter, Marion C. Young, Lilian M. Waters, Addie Yager, Johnnie Blitch, Amy Hill, Anna L. L. Short, J. McIntyre McMartin, M. T. Wyatt, Harry W. Kirby, Emogen A. Forest, W. W. Brown, Tannise Gardner, Bessie Isabel Baker, Gabrielle Elliot, Charlotte M. T., Sybil Palgrave, Elsie Kohlberg, Marion Preston Bolles, Louise Haxall, John Hyland, Helen Semple, B. B. Whittemore, John R. Pratt, Janet Elizabeth Corbin, Ruth Moorehead, Mary R. Bucknell, Dorothea Potter, Beneta Conlin, Bessie Winchester, Elizabeth Deeble, Reginald Smyth.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

A WHIRLIGIG. Harvard. 1. Hat. 2. Alligator. 3. Revolver. 4. Violin. 5. Anvil. 6. Razor. 7. Daisy.

ZIGZAG. "Mad Anthony." 1. * Mile. 2. Rare. 3. Bide. 4. Coma. 5. Bent. 6. Star. 7. Hoax. 8. Join. 9. Cane. 10. Buoy.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Boys. 2. Oven. 3. Yeze. 4. Snob. II. 1. Mops. 2. Omen. 3. Peru. 4. Snub. III. 1. Bars. 2. Abut. 3. Rude. 4. Step. IV. 1. Mass. 2. Amen. 3. Seba. 4. Snap. V. 1. Pine. 2. Idol. 3. Noël. 4. Ells.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Ural. 2. Rose. 3. Asia. 4. Lean. II. 1. Bone. 2. Over. 3. Near. 4. Errs. III. 1. Home. 2. Oven. 3. Meed. 4. Ends. IV. 1. Mare. 2. Atlas. 3. Rasp. 4. Espy. V. 1. Dome. 2. Oral. 3. Mass. 4. Else.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL. Boone. 1. Bison. 2. Loris. 3. Sloth. 4. Eland. 5. Sable.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

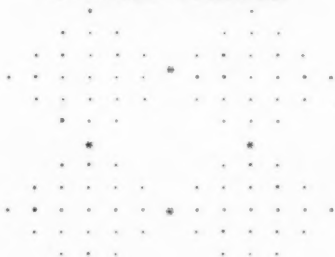
ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from Helen C. McCleary—Bessie Thayer and Co.—Paul Reese—Nessie and Freddie—Jo and I—"Dondy Small"—Jack and George A.—Allil and Adi—"Tod and Yam"—"Bob Sawyer"—Mabel Miller Johns.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from Constance Trowbridge, 11—Elizabeth B. Lewis, 5—George Whitney Calhoun, 1—Eleanor N. Moss, 11—George Spencer Mitchell, 6—Walter B. Herenden, 1—Marguerite Sturdy, 10—Mabel and Eva, 9—Lloyd and Baker, 9—Venio and Mama and Betty, 8—Clara A. Anthony, 7—Musgrave Hyde, 2.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. USEFUL on an ocean steamer. 2. One of the United States. 3. Pomp, show, or festivity. 4. False. C. ROSE TROWBRIDGE.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In smolder. 2. An animal. 3. A weight. 4. Variegated in color. 5. The claw of a fowl. 6. A number. 7. In smolder.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In smolder. 2. To beat or scrape with the forefoot. 3. A Turkish title. 4. One who meanly shrinks from danger. 5. A large animal. 6. A verb. 7. In smolder.

III. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In smolder.

2. Part of a locomotive. 3. Confines. 4. Moistened. 5. Underneath. 6. To unite with stitches. 7. In smolder.

IV. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In smolder. 2. A body of water. 3. A humorous name for a negro. 4. Behaves. 5. Lower. 6. A number. 7. In smolder. "JERSEY QUARTETTE."

OMITTED MEASURES.

(EXAMPLE: s-mile-s.)

S * * * * S

FIND a measure that will fit
In the space that 's left for it;
Now the new-found word contains
Many little spots and stains.

S * * * * S

Change it, and the answer runs
What a baker does with buns.

E * * * * E

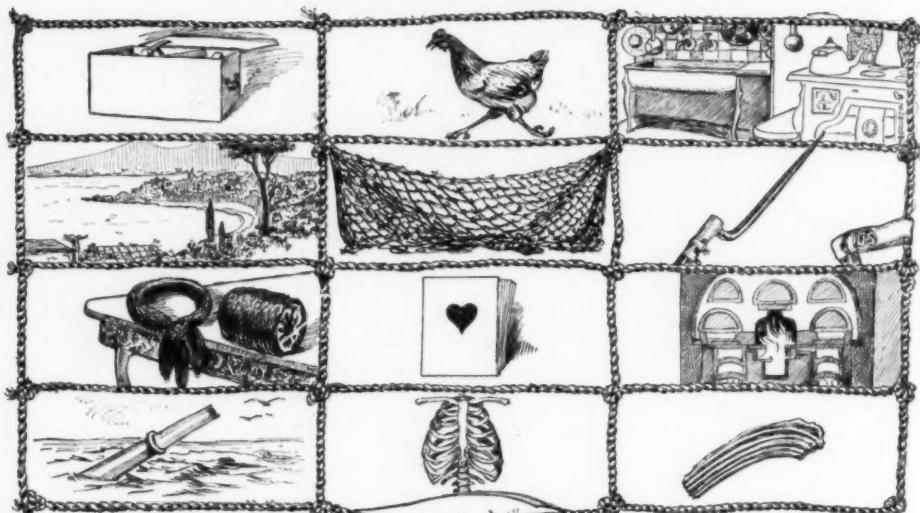
Try another; this will say
That which means to eat away.

A. M. P.

DIAMOND.

1. IN declare. 2. Offered. 3. A support for pictures. 4. Tropical fruits. 5. Denial. 6. Indicated. 7. Deceit. 8. Gloomy. 9. In declare. J. A. S.

ILLUSTRATED ADDITIONS.



" JOIN the first picture to the second picture by a single letter, and the result will be the third picture. The four letters used in the additions will spell a word which describes the lowest picture. F. H. W.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE.



CROSS-WORDS: 1. In grain. 2. Sooner than. 3. Of large size. 4. To go in. 5. An evil spirit. 6. Arrays. 7. Places of habitual resort. 8. To emit vapor. 9. Pertaining to the Salian Franks. 10. Less. 11. Approaches. 12. To repair. 13. Fascinating. 14. Character. 15. To be drowsy. 16. In grain.

"JERSEY QUARTETTE."

SOME CURIOUS CREATURES.

1. AAARR. The great black cockatoo of Australia.
2. EEEETT. A small, soft-furred South American monkey.
3. OOOODK. A large South African antelope.
4. AAKKPO. The owl-parrot of New Zealand.
5. UUUOTTKK. A burrowing South American rodent.
6. TTCCAAOOER. An eight-armed marine creature.

7. IILLTTPERA. An edible fish common on the southern and middle coasts of the United States.

8. OOOKKAALMB. A West African ape, allied to the gorilla.

9. TTTRRAASHO. A humming-bird with feathers of metallic luster on its neck.

10. YEEEEAA. A quadruped of Madagascar, of nocturnal habits.

11. OOOOSS. The dolphin of the river Ganges. H. M. A.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

WHEN loud winds chime comes fateful time,
When up the sun begins to climb.

CROSS-WORDS.

1. How Joseph Hill, when he is ill
And baffles homeopathic skill,
2. Can gladly touch and even clutch
A bitter cup, I question much.
3. The blue cohosh (a simple wash
That Smith, our surgeon, says is bosh)
4. Could well be used if he were bruised,
For Jo in trouble gets confused.
5. No man or beast should ever feast
On drugs, or deadly drugs at least.
6. There are, 't is true, a harmless few;
Yet who can tell what one may do?
7. The man who tries to live on pies
May wax enormous in his size.

ANNA M. PRATT.



DRAWN BY C. M. RLYEA.

APRIL.

ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

V

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